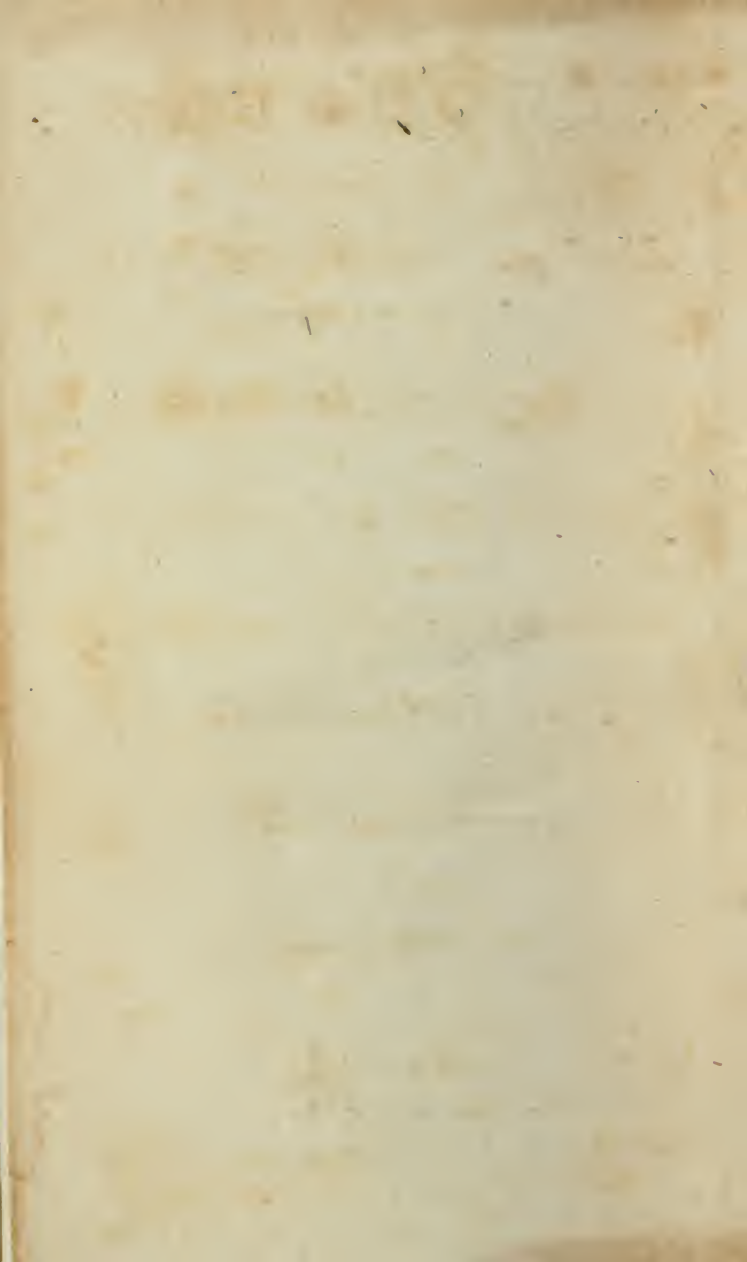


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*D. Anderson*

THOUGHTS

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*J. German*

OF

1794

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU,

CITIZEN OF GENEVA.

SELECTED FROM HIS WRITINGS

BY AN

ANONYMOUS EDITOR,

AND TRANSLATED BY

Miss HENRIETTA COLEBROOKE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THOUGHTS



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## THOUGHTS and MAXIMS.

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### Of Pleasures and Amusements.

**E**XCLUSIVE enjoyments destroy pleasure. The art of heightening pleasures, is to be niggardly of them. To abstain, in order to enjoy pleasure, is the epicurism of reason.

Pleasure is only legitimate, even in marriage, when desire is reciprocal.

Never did a feeling heart love turbulent pleasures, the vain and empty happiness of those people that have no feeling, and who think that to stupify life is to enjoy it. The variety of our de-

fires proceeds from our knowledge of things; and the first pleasures which we taste are, for a long time, the only ones we seek.

Those pleasures which we wish others to believe we enjoy, are lost to all the world; we neither enjoy them ourselves, nor does any body else.

Real amusements are those of which we partake in common with others; those which we want to enjoy exclusively we lose.

The ridicule, of which, above all other things, opinion is in dread, is always near to tyrannize and punish it. We never appear ridiculous but by means of fixed forms and received opinions: he who knows how to vary his situation and pleasures obliterates to-day the impressions of yesterday; he is nobody, or has, as it were, no existence in the minds of men, but he has some enjoyment of himself, being always the same, at all times, and in all circumstances.

Whatever appertains to the senses, and is not necessary to life, changes its nature whenever it turns into an habit. It ceases to be a pleasure when it becomes a want; it is shackling ourselves with a chain, and depriving ourselves of an enjoyment. To anticipate desires is not the art of satisfying, but of extinguishing them. Let our tastes vary with our years, and let us not misplace ages any  
 1 more

more than seasons: we must be ourselves at all times, and not struggle against nature. Such vain efforts wear out life, and prevent us from enjoying it.

## The T H E A T R E.

WE must go to the theatre not to study morals, but taste; it is there chiefly that it displays itself to those who know how to reflect. The theatre is not calculated to teach truth, but to flatter and amuse people; there is no school where the art of pleasing is so well taught, as well as that of interesting the human heart.

The study of the theatre leads to that of poetry: they have exactly the same object.

The harm attributed to the theatre is not, properly speaking, that of inspiring criminal passions, but of rendering the heart susceptible of too tender sentiments, which are afterwards satisfied at the expence of virtue. The tender and soft emotions which are kindled there, have, perhaps, themselves no fixed object, but they create the want of one; they do not make us fall in love, but they prepare us to feel it: they do not point out the persons whom we ought to love, but they oblige us to make a choice. Were it even true that dramatic poets never delineate any other than legitimate passions, does it follow from this that their impres-

sions are weaker, or their effects less dangerous? As if the lively representations of an innocent tenderness and attachment were less amiable, and less fascinating, less capable of enflaming a feeling heart, than those of a criminal passion, to which the horror of vice serves at least as an antidote to its flame. The patrician Manilius was expelled from the Senate of Rome for having given his wife a kiss in presence of his daughter. Now, if we consider this action by itself, what was there in it that was reprehensible? Nothing, undoubtedly: it was even the indication of an amiable sentiment. But the chaste desires of the mother might kindle unchaste desires in the breast of the daughter; it was therefore setting an example of corruption by a virtuous action. Such are the effects of the scenes of love permitted at theatres.

If the heroes of some pieces are made to sacrifice love to duty, the heart, while admiring their strength, gives into their weakness: we do not so readily acquire their courage, as we learn to put ourselves in situations that require it. It is increasing the trials of virtue; but those who dare expose it to these trials deserve to be overcome.

Love even assumes the mask of virtue to ensnare it; it puts on its enthusiasm, it usurps its power, it affects its language: but when the deceit is discovered, it is in general too late to retract! How many worthy men are seduced by these appearances?

pearances? How many, who were once tender and generous lovers, become by degrees vile seducers, destitute of morals, or of conjugal faith, and regardless of the sacred rights of confidence and friendship! Happy he who perceives his error when on the brink, and saves himself from falling into the precipice. Can we expect to stop on a sudden in the middle of a rapid race? Is it by indulging every day the softer feelings that we learn to overcome them? We easily subdue a slight inclination; but the man who has ever felt real love, and knew how to overcome it: Let us pardon that man, if such a man there be, for pretending to virtue.

If it be true that amusements are necessary to men, we must acknowledge that those only are allowable that are necessary, and that all useless amusements are an evil to a being whose life is so short, and whose time is so precious. There are pleasures belonging to men that are derived from his nature and his labour, as well as from his relations and wants; and those pleasures, lively and intense in proportion to the fondness of the mind that is capable of tasting them, diminish all relish for any others. A father, a son, a husband, a citizen, have so many agreeable duties to fulfil, that they never want occupation and amusement. It is the being dissatisfied with ourselves, it is the weight of idleness, and the absence of simple and natural plea-

pleasures, that renders foreign amusements so necessary. I do not like that the heart should be forever attached and fixed on the outward scenes of life, as if it were uneasy within itself. It was nature that dictated the answer of that barbarian, to whom one was extolling the magnificence of the circus, and the public amusements, at Rome. "Have the Romans," said this good man, "neither wives nor children?" The barbarian was in the right.

We assemble as we think, in public places, with our neighbours; but it is there that each individual is mostly alone. We go there to forget our friends, our neighbours, our relations, in order to interest ourselves in fables, to weep for the misfortunes of the dead, or to laugh at the expence of the living.

The man of resolution and prudence, who preserves an uniformity of conduct, is not easily taken off on the theatre; and even if it were easy to imitate him, the imitation, having little variety, would not be agreeable to the vulgar; they would feel themselves little interested in a representation in which they could trace no likeness to themselves, and in which they could neither perceive their own morals nor passions. The human heart never can discover the meaning of objects, to which it feels itself a total stranger. The skilful poet, therefore, who knows the art of succeeding, seeks

to please the vulgar, and takes care not to represent the sublime image of a heart that is master of itself, and that listens to nothing but the voice of wisdom. He charms the spectators with characters that are always in contradiction; who will and who will not, who make the theatre resound with cries and lamentations, which oblige us to pity them, even when they are doing their duty, and make us think that there is something very melancholy in virtue, since it renders its friends so miserable. Hence the poet, by representations that are easier and more varied, finds the way to flatter, and make a deeper impression on the spectators.

This practice of making those people that we are made to love yield to their passions, changes so much our opinions concerning the subjects of those things that are commendable, that we accustom ourselves to honour a pusillanimity of soul, under the title of sensibility, and to stifle those men, whose steadiness in the performance of their duty triumphs, upon all occasions, over their natural affections, hard-hearted and void of sentiment. On the contrary, we look upon those people to be of an amiable disposition who, affected in a lively manner by every thing, are for ever the sport of events; those who weep like a woman at the loss of what has been dear to them; those who are induced, by an excess of friendship, in order to serve their friends, to commit acts of injustice; those  
who

who know no other rule than the blind inclination of their heart; those who are continually praised by the sex that subdues them, and whom they study to imitate, and who possess no virtues but their passions, nor any merit but their weakness. It follows of course, that uniformity of conduct, fortitude, constancy, the love of justice, the empire of reason, become insensibly detestable qualities and vices, and objects of our censure. Men acquire respect by every thing that renders them worthy of contempt; and this overthrow of all salutary opinions is the infallible effects of the principles which we imbibe at the theatres.

In whatever sense we consider the theatre, whether in tragedy or comedy, we see continually that, becoming daily by means of amusements and play, more and more sensible to love, to anger, and to all the other passions; we lose all power of resisting them, when they seriously attack us; and that the theatre, animating and cherishing those dispositions in us which we ought to restrain, makes that obedient which ought to rule; and that far from making us better or more happy, it renders us still less virtuous and less happy, and makes us pay at the expence of ourselves, the care which they take to please and flatter us at the theatre.

The only principle or quality that is good for nothing, on the theatre, is reason. A man devoid of passions, or who keeps them all in subjection,

would interest nobody : and it has already been remarked, that a Stoick would be an insupportable personage in a tragedy, and, in comedy, at best an object of ridicule.

Love is the empire of the women ; it is they who, in this, necessarily give the law ; because, according to the order of nature, resistance belongs to them, and because men cannot overcome that resistance but at the expence of their liberty. One of the effects, therefore, of the pieces, in which love bears the sway, is, to extend the empire of the sex, to make women and young girls the preceptors of the public, and to give them the same power over the audience that they have over their lovers. Can it be expected that this order of affairs should be free from inconvenience, and that by increasing so carefully the power of the women, a better government will take place among the men ? The same circumstance which gives the ascendancy to the women over the men, in our tragedies and comedies, gives it likewise to young over old people ; and this too is a subversion of the order of nature not less reprehensible : for, as we are interested only for the lovers, it follows that old people can never perform any other than under parts ; they are either employed to work up the plot of the intrigue, and made obstacles to the happiness of the young lovers ; in which case they are detestable : or else they are made to fall in love themselves, and then

then they are ridiculous—*Turpe senex miles* \*. In tragedies they are made tyrants and usurpers; in comedy they are either represented as usurers, jealous, or insupportable fathers, that every body conspire to cheat. Such is the honourable point of view in which old age is shewn at the theatre; such is the respect which young people are taught to have for old age. We should thank the illustrious author of *Zaire* and *Nanine* for having preserved the venerable *Lusignan*, and the good old *Philip Humbert*, from this contempt. There are some other examples of the same kind, but do they suffice to stop the torrent of public prejudice, or to efface the contempt which authors in general affect to throw on age, wisdom, experience, and authority? Who can doubt that the habit of always contemplating old people, under odious forms, at the theatre, may teach us to treat them ill in society? and that, by habituating ourselves, to confound those we see in the world with the o'd dotards represented on the stage, we may at last despise them all equally?

\* An old man, in the character of a Soldier, is an indecorous object.

## T R A G E D Y.

**T**HE most advantageous impression to be derived from the best of tragedies, is to reduce all the duties of human life to transient, barren, and useless affections : something like those polite people, who think they have done an act of charity when they have said to a beggar, *God help thee !*

Why does the heart melt more easily at imaginary than real evils ? Why do the representations on the theatre sometimes draw more tears than the sight of objects represented ? It is because the emotions they excite are unmixed with any anxiety for ourselves. By bestowing a few tears on these fictions, we have satisfied all the rights of humanity, without any farther expence of property : whereas real sufferers require our care, consolation, and actual relief ; they would cause trouble which might make us partakers in their misfortunes, or which, at least, would be a tax upon our indolence, from which we are very happy to be exempted. It would seem that our hearts become hard, in order to avoid the trouble and expence of giving way to our tender feelings. We need not always, in order

to judge of the moral effects of a tragedy, have an eye to the catastrophe. The object is fulfilled, when we are more interested for the virtuous, though unfortunate, than for the successful that are abandoned. As there is nobody that would not rather be Britannicus than Nero, I acknowledge that the piece may be reckoned good, although Britannicus perishes. But, on the same principle, what opinion shall we form of a tragedy, in which the criminals, instead of being punished, are represented under so favourable an aspect that we are interested for them alone? In which CATO, the greatest man that ever lived, plays the part of a pedant? In which CICERO, who, among all those that bore the name of Father of their country, was the first that was honoured by it, and the only one who merited to be so, is represented to us as a vile rhetorician and a coward; while the infamous Cataline, covered with crimes that we should be afraid even to mention, ready to murder all the magistrates, and to reduce his country to ashes, plays the part of a great man, and commands, by his talents, his fortitude, and his courage, all the esteem of the spectators. We will allow him, if it be required, fortitude; but will this make him a less detestable villain? and was it necessary to turn the crimes of a rascal into the exploits of a hero? To what then can the moral of such a piece tend, unless it be to encourage other Catalines, and to bestow on profligate

gate men that possess abilities, that recompence of public esteem, which is due only to the good and virtuous?

It will be said, that tragedies inspire us with pity, through fear. Be it so: but what is this pity? A transient and vain emotion which lasts no longer than the illusion which produced it; a small remain of a natural sentiment, which is soon stifled by our passions; an empty pity which gratifies itself with a few tears, and was never yet known to give birth to the smallest act of humanity.

Thus the sanguinary Sylla wept at the recital of those evils which he had not himself committed. Thus the tyrant of Pharæ hid himself at the play, for fear he should be seen to join with the groans of Andromache and Priam, while he heard, without emotion, the cries of all the unfortunate beings that were every day murdered by his commands.

COMER

## C O M E D I E S.

COMEDY ought to be a true representation of the morals of the people, for whom it is intended, that they may have an opportunity of correcting their faults and their vices, as we wipe the spots from our face before a glass. Terence and Plautus, were mistaken in their object; but before them, Aristophanes and Menander had exposed to the Athenians, the Athenian manners; and since that period, Moliere has painted still more ingenuously, those of the French of the last century. The picture has changed, but there has appeared no other painter. In the present times, they represent on the theatre, the manners and conversations of a certain number of houses in Paris: this excepted, we do not gain any knowledge of the morals of the French nation. Moliere ventured to represent trades people and mechanics, as well as marquisses: Socrates made coachmen, carpenters, shoemakers, and masons speak. But the authors of the present age, who are of another stamp, would think themselves dishonoured, if they were supposed to know what passes at a merchant's counter, or in a workman's shop; they must only have illustrious interlocutors, and they  
 seek

seek in the rank of their personages, that elevation, to which they cannot rise by the powers of genius.

Fortunately, tragedy, in its present state, is so far from us; it represents such gigantick and puffed up beings, that the examples of their vices are no more contagious, than those of their virtues are useful; and the less it pretends to instruct, the less harm it does us. But this is not the case with comedy, the morals of which, have a more immediate resemblance to ours, and in which the dramatic personæ wear much more the resemblance of men. Every thing in comedy is bad and pernicious, every thing has an effect on the spectators, and the pleasure of wit and drollery, being founded on a vice inherent in the human heart, it follows from this principle, that the more perfect and agreeable comedy is, the more pernicious are its effects to morality.

It is acknowledged, and we shall every day be more and more convinced of it, that Moliere is the greatest comic writer, whose works are known to us; but who can deny at the same time, that the plays of this same Moliere, whose talents I admire more than any body, are not a school of vice and bad morals, even more dangerous than the books that openly profess to teach it. He is anxiously studious to turn goodness and simplicity into ridicule, and to place artifice and lies on the side for which we feel ourselves interested.

rested. With this writer, people of character are only allowed to speak. The vicious and abandoned are his actors, and these meet, in general, with the greatest success. In short, honour and applause are seldom bestowed on the most respectable characters, but almost always on the most artful.

Examine the comic parts of his writings: you will find throughout the whole of them, that constitutional vices are its instruments, and the blemishes of nature the subject of it; that the malice of the one punishes the simplicity of the other, and that fools are the victims of bad and designing people; and although all this be but too frequent in the world, it is wrong to represent it on the theatre, with an appearance of approbation, which has a manifest tendency to encourage double and deceitful men to punish, under the name of folly, the candour of the plain and honest.

*“ Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.”*

“ Censure indulges ravens, but harasses the harmless dove.”

This is the general spirit of Moliere and his followers. They are geniuses who, at most, sometimes expose the ridicule of vice, without ever making virtue beloved. It was of such men that an antient said, that they know very well how to  
snuff

snuff a lamp, but that they never supply it with oil.

Behold, how this man, to multiply his jokes, disturbs all the order of society, how scandalously he overthrows all the most sacred relations, in which it is founded, how he turns into derision the respectable right of parents over their children, of husbands over their wives, and of masters over their servants ! He makes us laugh, it is true ; but by this, he becomes only more culpable, in forcing, by an invincible charm, even philosophers to listen to raillery, which ought to excite their indignation. It will be said, that he attacks vice, but I wish any body would compare those that he attacks with those that he encourages. Which is the most blameable, a vain fool of a tradesman who foolishly assumes the gentleman ; or a gentleman-knave, who makes a dupe of him ? In the piece of which I am speaking, is not this latter represented as the honest man ? Are we not most interested for him ? And do not the public applaud all the tricks he plays to the other ? Which is the most criminal, a ploughman, who is fool enough to marry a young lady, or a woman who seeks to dishonor her husband ? What must we think of a piece where the pit applauds, the infidelity, the deceit, and the impudence of the one, and laughs at the folly of the booby that is punished ? It is a great vice to be avaricious, or to lend money  
upon

upon usury ; but is it not a still greater for a son to rob his father, to treat him with disrespect, to pour on him a thousand insulting reproaches ; and when this father, fully provoked, loads him with curses, to answer in a jocund manner, that he does not want any of his gifts ? If the wit is excellent, is it less deserving of punishment ? Or, is the piece in which we are made to love the insolent son who excites it, less a school of vice ? The comedy of the *Misanthrope* discovers to us, better than any other, the real intent with which Moliere composed his plays, and enables us the best to judge of its real effects. Having the public to please, he has consulted the most general taste of those that compose it : upon this taste, he has formed to himself a model, and from this model, a picture of the opposite fault from which he has taken his comic characters, and of which he has distributed the different features in his pieces. He has not, therefore, pretended to represent a good man, but a man of the world ; consequently, he has not attempted to correct vices, but follies ; and he has found in vice itself, a very proper instrument of success. Aiming to expose to public ridicule, all the faults which are directly opposite to the qualities of an amiable man, or the man of the world, after having turned so many other things into ridicule, there remained one, the ridicule of which the world are least disposed

posed to forgive, which is that of virtue : this is what he has nevertheless done in his *Misanthrope*.

You cannot deny two things : the one that *Alceste* is represented in this piece as a just, sincere, and estimable, person ; and in a word, a truly good man ; the other, that the author allots him a ridiculous part. This appears to me sufficient to render *Moliere* inexcusable. It might be said, that he has represented in *Alceste*, instead of virtue, a real vice abhorred by men. To this I answer, that his having thrown any such odium on his character, is false. We are not to be misled by the name of *Misanthrope*, into a notion, that the man who bore it was the enemy of mankind. Such an hatred as that name implies, would not be a fault, but a depravity of nature, and the greatest of all vices, since all the social virtues are closely connected with beneficence ; nothing is so directly contrary to them as inhumanity. The real *Misanthrope* is a monster. If he could exist, he would not excite laughter ; but he would inspire us with horror. You may have seen at the Italian comedy, a piece entitled, “ *Life is a dream.*” If you recollect the hero of that piece, he is a true *Misanthrope*.

What is the *Misanthrope* of *Moliere* ? A good man who detests the morals of his time, and the wickedness of his contemporaries : Who for the very reason that he loves his fellow creatures, detests the evils they reciprocally do each other, and the

the vices which those evils produce. If he were less affected by the errors of humanity, less exasperated at the injustice he sees, would he be more humane himself? It would be as reasonable to maintain, that a father loved other people's children better than his own, because he is irritated at the faults of the former, and never takes any notice of the latter. These sentiments of the Misanthrope, are fully displayed in his part. I acknowledge that he says, he has conceived a terrible hatred against the human species; but upon what occasion does he say this? At the moment that he is exasperated, at having discovered that his friend had betrayed his confidence, deceived the man who asked it of him, and made the indignation that was naturally excited by such conduct, a subject of pleasantry and diversion. It is natural that this anger should degenerate into passion, and induce him to say more than he would think of in cool blood. Besides, the reason he assigns for this universal hatred, fully justifies the cause.

*Les uns parce qu'ils sont méchans ; & les autres, pour être aux méchans complaisans\*.*

He is, therefore not the enemy of men, but of the wickedness of some, and of the support which

\* One party, because they are bad themselves : another because they pay a deference to such as are,

that wickedness meets with from others. If there were no villains, nor flatterers, he would love all the world. There is no good man that is not a misanthrope in this sense; or rather, real misanthropes are men who do not think in this manner.

One proof that Alceſtes is not a real Misanthrope, is, that in the midst of his follies and rough way of proceeding, he pleases and interests. The spectators, indeed, would not wish to resemble him; because so much frankness and truth would be very inconvenient; but not one of them would be sorry to have any dealings with a person that was like him; which would not be the case if he were the professed enemy of mankind. In every other piece of Moliere's, the laughable characters are always detestable or contemptible. In this, although Alceſtes has some real faults which we could not be blamed for laughing at, we nevertheless feel at the bottom of our hearts a respect for him, of which we cannot divest ourselves. On this occasion, the power of virtue carries it over the skill of the author, and does honour to his character. Although Moliere composed some plays that were very reprehensible, he was himself a good man; and never did the pencil of an upright mind know how to shade with bad colours, the features of probity and justice. Farther still, Moliere has put into the mouth of Alceſtes, so many of his own maxims, that many people have thought that he intended to  
draw

draw himself. Nevertheless, this virtuous character is represented as ridiculous. It is so, to be sure, in some respects; and what plainly shews that the author intended to make it so, is the character of his friend Phylintes, which he has placed in contrast with his. This Phylintes, is the wise man of the piece; he is one of those good men of the great world, whose maxims are very like those of rogues; one of those moderate people who always find that every thing goes right for them; who are always pleased with every body, because they care for nobody; who, when seated at a plentiful table, maintain that it is not true that some people are hungry; who with their own pockets well furnished, think it very wrong for people to speak in favour of the poor; who would see all mankind robbed, stripped, and murdered, without pitying them, if their own house was well secured; because God has endowed them with a very meritorious softness and moderation of disposition, to support the misfortunes of others.

It is easy to observe, that the phlegmatic reasoning of this latter character, is capable of exciting and increasing the violence of the other: and the fault of Moliere is not having made the Misanthrope a choleric and passionate man, but the having made him put himself in childish passions for things which ought not to have affected him. The character of the Misanthrope, is determined by  
nature

nature from his ruling passion, and cannot be altered by the poet.—This passion is a violent hatred to vice, originating from an ardent love of virtue, and exasperated at the continual examples of the baseness of men. It is, therefore, only great and noble souls that are susceptible of it. The horror and the contempt which nourishes this same passion against all the vices which have irritated it, serve, likewise, to keep the heart which it agitates free from them.

It is not that man is not always man; nor that passion does not often make him weak, unjust, and unreasonable; nor that he perhaps pries into the secret motives of the actions of others, with a secret pleasure to discover the corruption of their hearts; that a trifling evil does not sometimes put him in a great passion, or that by irritating him on purpose, a subtle and skilful knave might succeed in making him appear wicked himself: but it is not less true, that there must be some skill employed to produce these effects, and that the means used, must be suited to his character to put it in action: without which, it is substituting another man for the Misanthrope, and painting him with features that are not his own.

It is, therefore, on this side that the character of the Misanthrope, ought to be faulty, and Moliere makes an admirable use of this in all the scenes between Alceste and his friend; for the cold

maxims

maxims and jokes of the one unhinging the other every moment, make him utter a thousand well-timed impertinencies : but this austere and harsh disposition, which gives him so much rancour and ill nature when he has occasion for it, keeps him at the same time free from all childish distress, which has no reasonable foundation ; and from all immoderate, personal interest, of which he ought to be no way susceptible. Let him be violent against those disorders of which he is only a witness, it is always a new feature in the picture : but let him be cool with regard to those that concern him personally ; for, having declared war against unprincipled people, he must expect that they will commence hostilities with him. If he had not foreseen the mischief of which his frankness would be productive, it would be thoughtlessness instead of a virtue. If a false woman betrays him, if unworthy friends dishonour him, or weak ones forsake him : he should suffer it all without a murmur ; he knows mankind. If these distinctions be just, Moliere has misrepresented the *Misanthrope*. But does any body imagine that this is the effect of error ? No, undoubtedly : but a desire to make people laugh at his expence, has obliged him to degrade him, in violation of the truth of character.

After the adventure of the sonnet, how was it possible that *Alceste* should not expect the bad behaviour of *Orontes* ? Can he be astonished at it,

when he is informed of it, as if he had been there secure for the first time in his life; or that this had been the first instance of his sincerity's making him an enemy? ought he not to prepare his mind with coolness, for the loss of his lawsuit, rather than previously express his disappointment, by a childish pet.

“ *Ce sont vingt mille francs qu'il m'en pourra coûter,  
Mais pour vingt mille francs j'aurai droit de pester.*”

A Misanthropist has no business to buy at so dear a price the right to bluster, he needs only open his eyes; and he does not sufficiently value money to imagine, that he had acquired on this head, any new right by the loss of a lawsuit. But the pit must be made to laugh.

In the scene with Dubois, the more Alceste has reason to be out of patience, the more he should appear cool and phlegmatic, because the blunders of the valet are not a vice. The Misanthropist and the passionate man, are two very different characters; and here was the place to distinguish them.—Moliere knows this—but the pit must be made to laugh.

At the risk of making the reader laugh also, at my expence, I beg leave to accuse the author of

“ Twenty thousand crowns it may cost me,

“ But for twenty thousand crowns I may bluster.”

having

having been considerably wanting to congruity, to truth, and perhaps to new beauties of situation.

It was his business to make such an arrangement in his plan, as to introduce Phylintes, as a necessary actor in the plot, so that the actions of Phylintes and Alcestes might form an apparent contrast with their principles, and a perfect conformity with their characters. What I mean to say, is, that the Misanthropist should constantly exclaim against public disorder, and always be silent with regard to personal malice, to which he had been a victim. On the other hand, the philosopher Phylintes should see all the disorders of society, with the cool indifference of stoicism; and fall into rage at the least degree of evil that threatened himself. It appears to me, that by drawing the characters agreeable to this idea, each must have been more just, more suitable to the rules of the drama, and that that of Alcestes must have had a more forcible effect. But then they could only laugh at the expence of of a man of the world; and the intention of the author was to raise a laugh at the expence of the Misanthropist.

It is with this intention that he represents him with fits of humour, of a different cast from the reality of his general character, for instance, *this* is the scene of the sonnet.

\* “ *La peste de ta chute, empoisonneur du diable !* ”

“ *En eusses tu fait une a te casser le nez !* ”

This is a point in the language of the Misanthropist, so much the more out of season, that but a little before he had criticised a more pardonable one in the sonnet of Orontes : and it is very extraordinary, that the author of it proposes a moment after, the song of King Henry, for a model of taste. It will not avail to say, that this word was dropped in a fit of passion, for there is nothing that is farther from the nature of passion, than points of wit. And Alcestes, whose whole life is spent in scolding, should have assumed even in the act of scolding a turn, suitable to the general bent of his mind.

† “ *Morbleu ! vil complaisant ! vous louez des sottise.* ”

Thus, should the Misanthropist speak in passion. Wit can never please after this. But it was necessary to make the pit laugh, and thus virtue is degraded.

It is some how extraordinary in this comedy, that the foreign digressions with which the author has charged the part of the Misanthropist, have forced him to soften what belonged essentially to

\* “ *Plague on thy fall ! thou poisoner of the devil !* ”

“ *I wish it had been such as to break your nose !* ”

† “ *Death ! vile sycophant, you praise absurdity.* ”

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the character. The scene I have just mentioned, is an instance of it. Here we find Alcestes shuffling and equivocating in giving his advice to Orontes. This is not the Misanthropist: it is an honest man of the world who is hurt by deceiving the person who consults him. The consistency of the character required, that he should immediately tell him, "Your sonnet is good for nothing, throw it in the fire." But this would have destroyed the comical effect, which arises from the embarrassment of the Misanthropist, and from the repetition of his *Je ne dis pas cela*\*, which in reality is not true. Had Phylintes, following his example, said to him, "Well! what say you, traitor?" what would he have answered? Indeed, it is not worth while to support the character of the Misanthropist by halves; for, if we wink at the first instance of management and chicane, at the first deviation from truth, where can we reasonably expect to stop, before we become as deceitful as courtiers! The friend of Alcestes must know him. How can he wish him to visit the judges, or, in plain terms, to attempt to corrupt them? how can he suppose that a man who is capable of sacrificing appearances, to the love of virtue, can sacrifice his duty to interest? To tempt a judge! it is not necessary to be a Misanthropist,

\* I do not say that.

it is sufficient to be honest to be incapable of such a thing. In every thing that rendered the Misanthrope so ridiculous, he did but the duty of a good man, and it was a breach in the propriety of his character, on the part of his friend, to suppose, that he could be wanting to his duty.

If this intelligent author sometimes suffers the character to display itself, in all its force, it is only when it is productive of a superior degree of theatrical pleasure, a more lively comical effect of contrast or striking situation. Such, for instance, is the dark and silent humour of Alcestes, and afterwards the bold reproof forcibly apostrophised, in a conversation at the coquets.

*Allons, ferme, poussez, mes bons amis de cour* \*. Here the author has clearly made a distinction between the slanderer and the Misanthrope. The latter, in the asperity of venomous rage, abhors calumny, and detests satire. He exclaims only against public disorder, and against public delinquents. Mean and secret slander is unworthy of him. He despises and hates it in others; and if he speaks ill of any one, he does it first before his face. This is a very good reason why no other scene in the play has a better effect than this, because here he is himself; and if he makes the pit laugh, honest men are not ashamed to laugh with it.

\* OLward, firmly, my good friends of the Court.

But,

But, generally speaking, it must be confessed, that had the Misanthropist been more the Misanthropist, the character must have been infinitely less pleasing, because his candor and firmness, wholly incompatible with shuffling, could never permit him to appear embarrassed: it is not, therefore, to spare him, that the author softens the character occasionally; it is, on the contrary, to make him appear more ridiculous.

Our author is led into this conduct by another reason: the stage Misanthropist having to speak of what he sees, must live in the world, and, of course, must moderate the uprightness of his manners, by paying some regard to that specious falsity, which is an ingredient in politeness, and which the world requires from every man who wishes to live in it, in such a manner as to be supportable. Were he to appear otherwise, his discourse could have no other effect. It is the interest of the author to render him ridiculous, but not to represent him as a fool: and this he would appear in the eyes of the public, were he on all occasions to support the character of a philosophic sage.

It is with reluctance, when we have once entered into this admirable comedy, that we lay it aside. The more we read it, the more we perceive its beauty; and finally, since this, of all the comedies of Moliere, is that which contains the

best and purest moral ; from this let us judge of the others, and confess, that the intention of the author being to please vitiated minds, either his moral leads to evil, or the specious, but false, good which it sets forth, is more dangerous than real evil ; because it deceives under the appearance of right reason, because it sets the usages and customs of the world above the strictest probity, and because it places propriety of conduct in a certain middle between vice and virtue ; and because, to the great consolation of the spectators, he persuades them, that to be an honest man, it is enough not to be an avowed profligate.

**PLAYERS.**

## P L A Y E R S.

**W**HAT is the talent of the Player? The art of counterfeiting, or of assuming a different character from his own; of appearing a different person from what he is; of being in a passion in cool blood; of saying things contrary to what he believes to be true, as naturally as if he really believed them; and in short, of forgetting his own situation, by continually putting himself in that of others.

What is the profession of the Player?—A trade, in which he shews himself for money; submits to the disgrace of affronts, the right of giving which the people purchase with their money; and puts his person up to public sale. I put it to the breast of every honest man, whether he feels not somewhat at the bottom of his soul, which tells him, that in this traffic of 'one's self, there is something servile and despicable? For you, who are of another character, ye philosophers, who pretend that ye are so far above prejudices, would ye not die with shame if, basely disguised like kings, ye were obliged to go and play in the eyes of the public, another part than your own, and expose your Majesties to the kisses of the populace?

What then are the qualities which the Player acquires by his employment? A mixture of baseness, dissimulation, ridiculous pride, and a littleness, which fits him to represent every kind of personage, except the noblest of all, that of man, which he forsakes.

I know, that the acting of a Player is not that of a cheat, who endeavours to impose; I know, that he does not pretend that we should take him in reality for the persons he represents, nor that we should believe him to be affected with the passions he counterfeits, and that by giving this imitation for what it is, he makes it perfectly innocent.—Neither do I accuse him of being altogether a cheat; but of cultivating no trade, but of deceiving men, and of exercising himself in customs that can only be innocent on the stage, and are of no use any where else, but to make him act wrong. Those men that are so well dressed, so well versed in the arts of gallantry, and the accents of passion, will they never make use of this art to seduce young people? Will not those pickpocket valets, who are so dextrous with their hands on the theatre, in some exigency, occasioned by following a more expensive than lucrative trade, find their advantage in absence of mind? Will they never seize the purse of a prodigal son, or an avaricious father, instead of that belonging to Leander or Argan? The temptation of  
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doing wrong always increases with the facility ; and Players must be more virtuous than other men, if they are not more corrupt.

A Player on the stage, displaying sentiments different from his own, repeating only what he is bid, often representing only an ideal character, annihilates himself, in one sense, with his hero ; and in this forgetfulness of the man, if there remain the least of himself, it only becomes the sport of the spectators. What shall I say of those people who seem to think they possess too much worth, and who degrade themselves so much, as to represent characters which they would be very sorry to resemble ? It is a great misfortune, undoubtedly, to see so many villains in the world play the parts of good men ; but is there any thing more odious, more shocking, more shameful, than a good man, in a play, acting the part of a villain, and employing all his talents to make those criminal maxims esteemed, at which he himself shudders ?

If, in all these circumstances we see nothing in the profession of an Actor, more than that it is not very creditable, we should likewise view it as a source of bad morals, in the dissoluteness of the Actresses, which involves that of the Actors. But why is this dissipation inevitable ? Ah, why ? In any period but this, we should have no need to ask : but in an age, where prejudices and error reign, with such irresistible sway, under the name of philosophy, many

stupified by their vain knowledge, have shut their understanding against the voice of reason, and their hearts against that of nature.

How can such a profession as that of an Actress, whose whole business is to shew themselves to the public, and what is still worse, to shew themselves for money, be proper for virtuous women, or compatible with modesty and good morals? Is there any occasion even to enter into a dispute concerning the moral distinctions of the sexes, to feel how difficult it must be for her who shews herself for money, in a fictitious character, not very soon to become venal in her own person, and never suffer herself to be tempted to satisfy those desires which she takes so much pains to excite; when, notwithstanding a thousand timid precautions, a virtuous and discreet woman, exposed to little danger, finds it very difficult to preserve her heart, when temptations arise? Can those young, audacious people, without any other education than a system of coquetry, and for ever playing amorous parts, in a very immodest dress, continually surrounded with ardent and rash young men, in the midst of the soft voice of love and pleasure; will they, at their age, resist the feelings of their hearts; the objects which surround them, the conversations that are held to them, opportunities that are for ever occurring, and the gold to which they are beforehand half sold? We must possess the simplicity of children, to be deceived in this matter.

A Comedian, who possesses modesty, morality, and virtue, is doubly estimable ; since it is a proof, that in him the love of virtue subdues his passions, and the influence of his profession. The only fault which can be imputed to him, is the having embraced it ; but a wrong step in youth often decides the fate of the remainder of life ; and, when we feel ourselves possessed of great talents, who can resist their attraction ? Great Actors make their own apology : it is the bad ones that we should despise.

MUSIC.

## M U S I C.

**M**USIC can only be composed of the three following things : melody or singing, harmony or accompaniment, motion or measure.

Harmony is only a distant accessory in imitative music. In harmony, properly speaking, there is not any principle of imitation ; it necessarily implies, it is true, intonations ; it bears testimony of their justness, and renders the modulations more sensible ; it gives additional energy to the expression, and new graces to music : but it is from melody alone that the invincible power of passionate accents proceeds ; it is from harmony that all the influence it has on the soul is derived : if we form the most skilful succession of concordant sounds, without any mixture of melody, we shall be tired in a quarter of an hour's time.

When the simplest songs are animated by the expressions of sentiment and feeling, they become interesting. On the contrary, a melody which does not speak, never sings well ; and harmony alone never could speak to the heart.

The principles of harmony, being in nature, it is the same to all nations ; or, if it has any difference,

rence, it is introduced by melody: therefore it is from melody alone that we must draw the particular character of national music; and this the rather, that as character is principally formed by the language, it is vocal music that ought to give it its greatest influence.

We may conceive, that there are some languages better adapted to music than others: we may conceive some that are not adapted to it at all.

Such would be one, which should be composed only of mixt sounds, dumb, hollow, or nasal syllables, with few sonorous vowels, a great many consonants, and much articulation: what would result from music, applied to such a tongue? First, want of effect in the sound of the vowels, would render it necessary to make the notes a great deal louder, and from the language being low, the music would be too shrill. In the second place, the harshness and the frequency of the consonants, would make it absolutely necessary, in order to exclude a great many words, to proceed in the others only by elementary intonations, and the music would be insipid, and have too much sameness; its movement would be slow and tiresome; and if we sometimes attempted to quicken and enliven it, its quickness would resemble that of an uneven and hard body rolling over the stones.

Time or measure, the third essential part of music, is almost the same thing to melody, as system

is to discourse; it is what connects the words together, distinguishes the phrases, and gives a sense and connection to the whole. All music, in which we do not feel the time, resembles, if the fault proceed from the person who plays, writing in figures, of which we must necessarily be masters of the art, before we can unravel the meaning; but if, in reality, this music has measure, it is then only a collection of confused words, chosen at random, and written without connection, in which the reader can discover no sense, because the author did not annex any. Measure depends also on the language, and particularly on that attribute of the language called prosody. This is evident; for the measure must follow the combinations of the short and long syllables that are found in every language. Or, let us suppose a nation, whose language possesses only a defective prosody, that is to say, a prosody without any striking and distinct character, without exactness and precision, that the long and short accents are not connected together by duration and number, and such relations as are simple and fitted to produce an exact and regular succession of sounds; that some of its long syllables are unequal in point of length; some of its short ones unequal in point of shortness, while others are neither long nor short, and that their mutual differences are both indefinite and incommensurable: it is evident, that such a national music, being tinctured in its measure by the irregularities

of its profody, would have only a vague, unequal, and feeble effect; that this irregularity would appear chiefly in the recitative; that it would be difficult to produce a concordance between the musical notes and the syllables of the words; that it would be necessary to change the words every moment, and that it would be impossible to give the verses just rhyme and cadence; and that, even in such airs as possessed due measure, all the movements would be unnatural and without precision.

Man is endowed with three sorts of voices: a speaking or articulating voice; a singing or melodious voice; and a voice pathetic or accented, which is employed in the language of passion, and gives animation to song as well as to common discourse. Perfect music is that in which all these three different kinds of voice are the most completely and happily blended.

## Balls, Dancing.

**I** HAVE never been able to discover, why people are so much set against dancing, and the assemblies it occasions; as if there were more harm in dancing than singing, that each of these amusements were not equally an inspiration of nature, and that it were a crime to enliven and divert ourselves together by an innocent and decent recreation. For my part, I think, on the contrary, that every time there is a great number of both sexes assembled together, all public amusements are innocent, because they are public, instead of which, the most laudable occupation is suspicious in a tête-a-tête. Men and women are destined for one another: the intention of nature is, that they should be united by marriage. All false religions combat nature; our's alone, which follows and rectifies it, announces a divine institution, suitable to man. We ought not, on the subject of marriage, to the restraints necessarily occasioned by the order of civil society, to add difficulties unknown to the gospel, and contrary to the spirit of Christianity.

But, tell me, where will young people, who are marriageable, have opportunities of taking a liking to each other, or of seeing one another with more decency

decency and circumspection, than in an assembly, where the eyes of the public, incessantly turned upon them, oblige them to be particularly observant of their conduct? Can God be offended by an agreeable and salutary exercise, suitable to the vivacity of youth, which consists in presenting themselves to one another with grace and modesty, and on which the company impose a gravity, from which nobody would dare to depart? Can we imagine a surer method of not deceiving any body, at least in point of person, or of shewing ourselves with all our perfections and imperfections, to those people who have an interest in knowing us well, before they oblige themselves to love us? Does not the duty of mutually cherishing each other, imply a necessity of pleasing; and is it not worthy the care of two virtuous and christian people, who think of being united, thus to prepare their hearts to receive mutual love, which God imposes as a duty on them? What happens in those places, where there reigns a continual constraint; where the most innocent gaiety is punished as a crime; where young people of both sexes never dare to assemble in public, where the indiscreet severity of the pastor knows not how to preach any thing but a servile restraint, sadness, and melancholy? An insupportable tyranny, which both nature and reason disavow, is eluded. When lively and playful youth is debarred from pleasures that are innocent, they substitute in their place some  
that

are more dangerous ; têtes-a-têtes, artfully contrived, take the place of public meetings. By continually concealing ourselves, as if we were culpable, we are at length tempted to become so. Innocent mirth loves to spend itself in broad day : but vice is the friend of darkness ; innocence and mystery never existed long together.

DRAW.

## D R A W I N G.

**T**O make a perfect Drawing, the artist ought not to see it such as it will be on his paper, but such as it is in nature. It is not the pencil that marks the difference between a fair and a brown woman, but the imagination which guides it. The graving tool would make a very imperfect exhibition of the light and shade, if the engraver did not keep a steady eye also on the colours. In the same manner, in order to represent figures in motion, we must observe what precedes and what follows, and allow a certain latitude to the time of action; without which, we can never hit, with any tolerable exactness, that precise and important moment which it is our object to describe. The skill of the artist consists in bringing to our imaginations a great many objects that are not represented in his picture; and this depends on a happy choice of circumstances, arranged in such a manner, that those which he represents bring to our mind those that he leaves out.

## Conversation, Politeness, the Art of superintending a Family.

**T**HE continual prattles which some people keep up, certainly either proceeds from a pretension to wit, or from their setting a great value on trifles, and supposing at the same time that every body else does the same. He who possesses a sufficient share of knowledge, to set a proper value on every thing, never speaks too much ; because he knows likewise how to prize the attention which is granted him, and the interest which people may take in his discourse. In general, people who know very little, talk a great deal ; and those who know a great deal, talk very little. It is quite natural for an ignorant person to suppose the little he knows of great consequence, and be fond of displaying it to all the world. But a man of real knowledge is not fond of displaying his understanding : he would find too much to say ; and he perceives that there are other people to speak after him ; he is therefore silent.

The talent of speaking holds the first rank in the art of pleasing ; it is that alone which can add new  
attrac-

attractions to those charms which have lost their power over our senses by habit. The understanding not only enlivens the body, but in a manner gives it a new form : it is by the succession of sentiments and ideas, that it animates and varies the expressions of the countenance ; and it is the discourse that it inspires, which fixes the attention, and preserves for a long time the same regard towards the same object.

The style of elegant conversation, is easy and flowing ; it is neither heavy nor frivolous ; it is learned without pedantry, gay without noise, polite without affectation, gallant without being insipid, witty and lively without being equivocal ; it is neither made up of dissertations nor epigrams ; they reason without arguing ; they joke without playing upon words ; and judiciously combine wit and reason, good maxims and bright sallies, ingenious raillery and sound morality. They talk on every subject, that every body may have an opportunity of speaking : they do not examine every subject with nicety, for fear of being tiresome ; they propose topics of conversation just as they occur ; they discuss them with rapidity, and conciseness leads to elegance : every one gives his opinion, and supports it in a few words ; nobody attacks with heat that of another, nobody obstinately defends his own : they dispute, in order to be instructed ; they stop with the dispute ; every one is edified ; every

one is amused, and every one goes away pleased. Even the philosopher may gather from those discourses, subjects worthy of meditation in private.

True politeness consists in shewing benevolence to men. The amiable feelings of humanity, the simple and affecting effusions of an open heart, have a very different language from that of the false demonstrations of politeness, and of the deceitful appearances which commerce with the world renders necessary. It is much to be feared, that he who treats you at first sight like a friend of twenty years, may treat you at the end of twenty years like a stranger, if you should have occasion to ask him any important service. When we see dissipated men take so tender a liking to so many people, we readily presume that they have no liking for any body.

The politeness of men is in general officious ; that of women more caressing. I visit some families, where the master and mistress jointly do the honors of the house, Both have had the same education ; both possess an equal share of politeness ; both are endowed with the same sense and taste ; both are animated with the same desire of receiving their guests properly ; both are inspired with the wish of giving their friends an agreeable reception. The husband is assiduous and attentive to every body : he goes about, and pays his respects to all ; he gives himself a great deal of trouble ; he endeavours to be all attention. The woman keeps her seat ; a little circle

circle assemble and surround her, and seem to hide from her the rest of the company : notwithstanding this, there is nothing that escapes her attention ; nobody goes out without her having spoken to them : she has omitted nothing that could please every body ; she has said nothing to any body but what was agreeable ; and, without trespassing on the rules of decorum and good order, the last in the company is not more forgot than the first. The repast is served ; the company sit down to table ; the master, who knows his guests, will place them according to their rank : the mistress, without knowing their quality, will make no mistake : she will have already read in their countenance and manner, what is suitable to each ; and every body will find himself placed as he wished.

I do not say that nobody is overlooked during the repast. The master of the house, in helping round, may not have forgot any body ; but the mistress discovers what you look at with pleasure, and offers it you : even while talking to her neighbour, she is looking to the bottom of the table ; she discerns those who do not eat, because they are not hungry, and those who neither dare to help themselves, or ask others to help them, because they are awkward or timid. When they rise from table, every body thinks that she has been wholly taken up with him ; none of the company imagine she has had time to eat a bit herself : but the truth is, that she has eat

heartier than any body else. When all the company are withdrawn, and they discourse on what passed, the husband repeats all that has been said to him, and what every body has done or said with whom he has conversed. If the wife is not always the most exact on this point, in return, she has observed what has been whispered at the other end of the room ; she knows what such a one has thought ; what was the purport of every conversation or gesture : no expressive emotion has passed unnoticed ; and she can interpret them all, and always with strict conformity to truth.

GAMING.

## G A M I N G.

**G**AMING is not a proper amusement for a rich man; it is the resource of those that have no employment.

As there is not any natural motive that can give an interest to gaming, in the eyes of rich people, it can never be converted into a passion, but in an ill-constituted mind.

A rich man is much less sensible of what he wins at play, than what he loses; and, as from the forms of moderate play, we have not a chance of being either great gainers or great losers, we cannot, if we reason right, grow fond of an amusement, where every kind of hazard is so much against us.

Those who encourage the vain supposition, that fortune favours them, should seek for that favour in something more worthy of it; and this partiality is as much seen in moderate play as in the highest.

A taste for gaming, the fruits of avarice and indolence, only takes hold of hearts and minds that are vacant.

We seldom find that deep thinkers take pleasure in play, which either checks that propensity, or

turus it to dry combinations : accordingly, one, and perhaps the only advantage, arising from a taste for the sciences, is, that it deadens in some degree, this fordid passion. A man of science would rather be employed in proving the utility, than in taking a share in play.

M A S.

## MASTERS, SERVANTS.

EVERY well-conducted house is the image of the soul of its master. Gilt ceilings, luxury, and magnificence, discover only the vanity of those who display them; instead of which, in every place where you see order reign without dulness, peace without profusion, pronounce with confidence, It is a happy being who commands here.

A father, whose whole happiness is centred in the bosom of his family, enjoys, as a reward for his constant care and solicitude, the continual enjoyment of the most agreeable sentiments in nature. He alone, of all mortals, is happy: he is master of his own felicity, because he is happy as God himself, without wishing for any thing more than what he enjoys: like that immense being, he does not think of enlarging his possessions, but of making them really his by the most perfect relations.

If he does not enrich himself with new purchases, he enriches himself by enjoying what he possesses. He once only enjoyed the rents of his grounds; he now enjoys the fields themselves, by presiding at their culture, and continually going

over them. His servant was a stranger to him : he makes him his blessing, his child, his property. He had no right but over actions, he acquires a right over wills. He was master only by the force of money ; he becomes master by the sacred rights of esteem, and beneficence.

It is a great error in domestic œconomy, as well as in civil life, to attempt to combat one vice by another, or to form between them a sort of equilibrium, as if those things which undermine the foundation of order could ever serve to establish it ; this bad policy only serves to unite all kinds of inconveniencies. Vices that are tolerated in a house, do not reign alone ; if one is suffered to spring up, a thousand will soon follow it.

In a house where the master is sincerely beloved and respected, all the servants looking upon themselves as sufferers in those losses, which would partly deprive him of the power of rewarding a faithful servant, are equally incapable of concealing, and of doing him an injury. It is a sublime system of conduct which has the art of thus transforming the vile trade of an accuser, into a junction of zeal, integrity, courage, as noble, or, at least, as praiseworthy, as it was with the Romans.

The precept of concealing the faults of our neighbours, includes only those faults that do no injury to any body ; of an injustice which we see and conceal, and which is prejudicial to a third person,

son, we are as guilty as if we committed it ourselves : and as it is only the consciousness of our own faults which obliges us to forgive those of others, no man is inclined to tolerate a rogue, unless he be a rogue himself. These principles which in general hold good between man and man, are still more obligatory on those who are connected by the close relation of servant and master.

What must we think of those masters who are indifferent to every thing but their interest? Who only desire to be well served, without troubling themselves any farther about the conduct of their servants? Those who want only to be well served, will not be so long. Too intimate connections between the two sexes never produce any thing but evil. It is from the meetings that are held in the apartments of the chamber-maids that the chief irregularities in a family proceed. There is not among men, nor among women, a sufficient degree of harmony to be of any dangerous consequence; but it is always between men and women that those secret monopolies are established, which, in the long run, inevitably ruin the most opulent families.

The insolence of servants is a symptom rather of a vicious than a weak master: for nothing makes them so audacious as the knowledge of his vices; and every vice which they discover in him appears in their eyes to excuse them from obeying a man whom they can no longer respect. Servants imi-

tate their masters, and by imitating them in a coarse manner, they render those faults apparent in their conduct, which the varnish of education conceals better in their superiors.

When a man that does not mind being hated and despised by his servants fancies himself, nevertheless, well served, it is because he is satisfied with an apparent regularity and faithfulness, without taking cognizance of the numberless evils they are incessantly doing him in secret, and of which he never perceives the origin. But where is the man sufficiently divested of honour to be able to support the disdain of all who surround him? Where is the woman so lost to every sense of shame, as to be insensible to insult and contumely? How many ladies, both in Paris and in London, who suppose themselves very much respected, would melt in tears if they heard what is said of them in their anti chamber? Happily for their peace, they quiet themselves with the idea that these Arguses are fools, and flatter themselves that they perceive nothing of what they do not take the trouble to conceal from them. Neither do the latter, on their part, endeavour to hide, as is evident, from their stubborn obedience, the contempt they entertain for the former. Masters and servants thus mutually feel, that it is not worth while to make themselves esteemed by one another.

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The example of a master has, in every thing, a greater influence than his authority; and it is not natural that the servants should want to be better men than their Lords.

If we examine narrowly the government of great houses, we shall clearly perceive, that it is impossible for a master, who has twenty servants, ever to be able to discover whether one of them be an honest man, and not to mistake for such the very greatest rogue of them all. This alone is sufficient to warn us from all desire to be numbered among the rich. One of the greatest pleasures in life, the pleasure of mutual confidence and esteem, is lost to these unfortunate beings: dearly do they purchase all their gold.

## C O U N T R Y.

THE labours of the country are an agreeable subject of contemplation, and unattended with any of those painful circumstances which move compassion. As the object of public utility, it is, in its nature, interesting: besides, it is the first vocation of man; it recalls to the mind agreeable ideas, and to the heart all the charms of the golden age. The imagination cannot remain indifferent at the view of the cultivation of lands, and bringing in of harvests. The simplicity of a rural and pastoral life has always something in it that affects us. If we look at people who are singing and making hay, while flocks of sheep are scattered at a distance, we insensibly feel ourselves moved, without knowing why. Thus the voice of nature has yet sometimes the power of softening our hard and unsociable hearts; and although we hear it with an useless regret, it is so gentle and amiable that we never hear it without pleasure.

The inhabitants of towns know not how to love the country: they know not how to live in it;  
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when they are there, they know not what is going forward: they despise its labours; they are unacquainted with its pleasures; they are even when at home, as in a strange country; need we be surprised then if they dislike it? We must live entirely in the country, or not go there at all; for what do we go to do? The inhabitants of Paris, who think they go into the country, are mistaken; they carry Paris with them. Singers, wits, authors, and parasites, compose the train which follow them. There, gambling, music, and plays, are their only occupations; if they sometimes add hunting, they go in so commodious a manner, that they have not half the fatigue, nor the pleasure of it. Their table is covered in the same manner as in Paris; they eat at the same hours; they are served with the same dishes, and with the same ceremony; they do just the same things; they might as well have staid there; for however rich they may be, and whatever care they may have taken, they always feel some privations; and they cannot carry all Paris with them. They therefore flee from that variety that is so dear to them: they never know but one manner of living, and always grow weary of it.

The simplicity of a pastoral and country life has always something in it that is affecting. We cannot disengage ourselves from the soft illusion of the objects which present themselves; we forget the  
D 6 present

present age and our cotemporaries; and we transport ourselves to the times of the Patriarchs: to the times of love and innocence! When men were simple, and lived happy. Oh, Rachel! charming girl, beloved with so much constancy! Happy was he who, to obtain thee, did not regret fourteen years slavery! Oh, amiable ward and pupil of Naomi! happy was the good old man whose feet and heart thou didst warm! No; beauty never reigns with more empire than in the midst of the occupations of the country! It is there that the graces are on their throne, decorated by simplicity, animated by gaiety, and that we are constrained to adore them.

It is a general impression felt by all, although all do not observe it, that, on the top of high mountains, where the air is keen and pure, and we find a greater facility of respiration, a greater relief of body, and a greater serenity of mind; there our pleasures are less ardent, and our passions more moderate. Our meditations assume a character of greatness and sublimity proportioned to the objects with which we are struck; a certain voluptuousness which partakes not of any thing pungent or sensual. It seems as if, by elevating ourselves above the habitations of men, we divested ourselves of all low and terrestrial sentiments, and that by degrees, as we approach the ethereal regions, our soul contracts something of their unalterable purity.

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We are grave without being melancholy, peaceable without being indolent, happy in the privilege of existing and reflecting. Violent desires are reduced to a degree of moderation; they lose that acuteness that rendered them painful: they leave at the bottom of the heart a light and agreeable emotion, and it is thus that a good climate makes those passions conducive to the happiness of man, which are in other places his torment. I doubt whether any violent agitation, or any vaporish complaint, could resist a long residence in such a situation: and I am surpris'd that baths, of the salutary and salubrious air of the mountains, are not one of the great remedies of medicine and morality.

## A Picture of the Rising of the Sun.

**L**ET us transport ourselves to some eminence before the rising of the sun. We see it announce its approach from afar, by streaks of fire which it darts before it. The fire increases; the east appears all in flames, from whose brightness we are held in expectation of seeing the sun a great while before it appears: we every moment think we see it; we see it at last. A luminous point starts to our view like a flash of lightening, and fills in an instant the whole of surrounding space. The veil of darkness is effaced, and falls: man recognizes the place of his abode, and finds it embellished. The grass has acquired, during the night, a fresh vigour: the new-born day which lights it, the first rays of the sun which gild it, display it, arrayed in a brilliant mantle of dew which reflect to the eye light and colour. The birds unite, and salute in concert the Father of life; at this moment not one is silent. Their feeble warblings are more soft than in the rest of the day: they breathe somewhat of a languor which shews that they have awakened in peace. The assemblage of all these objects makes  
such

such an impression of freshness on the senses as penetrates the very soul. Then there is an half hour of enchantment which no man can resist. A sight so grand, so beautiful, so charming, banishes indifference from the coldest hearts.

Of

## OF HISTORY.

**T**O know men, we must see them act. In the world we hear them speak; they shew their discourse, but hide their actions. In history the veil is thrown off; it teaches us to read the hearts of men, without the assistance of lessons of philosophy, and to judge of them by their deeds: but, in forming an estimate of them, we also derive some aid from their discourse. For, if we compare their actions with their words, we see at once what they are, and what they want to appear: the more they disguise themselves, the better we know them. This study has nevertheless its dangers, and more than one species of inconvenience. It is difficult to place ourselves in a point of view, from which we may judge our fellow creatures with equity. One of the greatest faults of history, is, that it represents men much oftener on their worst side, than their best. As history is interesting only by means of its revolutions, and catastrophes, so long as a people flourish and prosper, under the tranquillity of a peaceable government, it says nothing of them: it begins to speak of them only when, being no longer.

longer able to stand by themselves, they take a part in the affairs of their neighbours, or let their neighbours meddle in theirs: it celebrates them only when they are on their decline. All our histories begin where they ought to end. We have very circumstantial histories of those people who destroy one another: but what we want is a history of those who flourish and multiply; but such a people are too wise and happy for history to have any thing to record of them: and, in fact, we see in our days, that those governments which conduct themselves the best, are those which are the least spoken of. We are acquainted therefore with nothing but evil: it is seldom that an epoch in history is taken from what is good. Bad men only are celebrated; the good are forgotten, or turned into ridicule; and thus it is, that history, as well as philosophy, incessantly calumniates the human species.

Farther, the events recorded in history are not always represented exactly as they happened. They change their form in the brain of the historian: they are moulded according to his interest: they take the colour of his prejudices. Who is it that has the art of transporting the reader to the scene of action, and to shew him an event, exactly as it happened? Ignorance or partiality disguise every thing. Without even altering one historical fact, by taking off from some circumstances, and adding to others  
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which have a relation to it, how many different appearances we may give it ! Place the same object in several points of view ; it will hardly appear the same ; and yet nothing will have changed but the eye of the spectator. Does it suffice, for the honour of truth, to tell me a real fact, and at the same time make me see it in a quite different light or manner from that in which it happened ? How often has a tree, more or less, a rock to the right, or left, a cloud of dust raised by the wind, decided the event of a battle, without any body's having perceived it ? Does this prevent the historian from telling you the cause of the defeat, or of the victory with as much assurance as if he had been every where present ? But what signifies the facts themselves, when the reason remains unknown ; and what lesson can I draw from an event, of which I am ignorant of the real cause ? The historian gives me one, but he forgets it : and even criticism, about which there is such a bustle, is only the art of guessing ; the art of choosing from a number of mistakes, that which comes the nearest to truth. Have you never read *Cleopatra*, or *Cassandra*, or other books of the same kind ? The author chooses an event which is known, then accommodating it to his views, embellishing it with details of his own invention, with personages that have never existed, and with imaginary pictures, he heaps fiction on fiction, to make his narrative agreeable.

I see very little difference between these romances and our histories, unless it be that the writers of romance follow the flights of their own imagination, and that the historian subjects himself to that of other people : to which I will add, if required, that the author of a romance proposes to himself a moral object, good or evil, about which the other is totally indifferent.

It may be said, that the fidelity of history is less interesting than the truth of morals and characters; that provided the human heart be represented in proper colours, it is of little consequence that events should be faithfully recorded : for, after all, what are events to us that happened two thousand years ago? This is true, if the pictures are properly copied after nature; but if the greatest part of them have their model only in the imagination of the historian, is it not falling again into the very error we wished to avoid, and giving to the authority of the writers what we wish to take from that of the master? The worst historians for a young man, are those who judge of the facts : let him judge himself; it is thus that he learns to know man. If he is continually guided by the judgement of the author, he sees only with another's eyes; and when he is deprived of those eyes, he sees nothing at all!

I pass by modern history, not only because it has no character, and that our men are all like one  
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another, but because our historians, anxious only to shine, think of nothing but drawing pictures highly coloured, and which often represent nothing: witness Davila, Guicciardini, Strada, De-folis, Machiavel, and sometimes even De Thou. Vertot is almost the only modern historian who knows how to paint without drawing formal portraits. There is in general less of this portrait painting in the ancients, as well as less wit and more sense in their observations. Still, however, there is among the ancient historians a great difference, and we ought not at first to take the most profound, but the most simple. I would neither put Sallust nor Tacitus into the hands of a young man. This latter is a book for old men: young people are not calculated to understand it: we must learn to see in the actions of men the first traits of the human heart, before we attempt to sound its deep recesses; we must learn to pry well into facts, before we pry into maxims. Thucydides is, in my opinion, a true model for historians: he records facts, without pronouncing judgement on them; but omits not any circumstance that can aid us in judging of them ourselves. He brings all that he relates under the eye of the reader. Far from placing himself between his events and readers, he keeps himself entirely out of view; we forget we are reading, we fancy we see the events. Unfortunately he talks always of war, and we see hardly

hardly any thing in his writings but the thing in the world which is the least instructive, that is, battles. The retreat of the ten thousand, and Cæsar's commentaries, partake nearly of the same excellence, and the same fault.

The good Herodotus, without figures, without maxims, but smooth and simple, full of details the most capable of interesting and pleasing, would, perhaps, be esteemed the first of historians, if these same details did not often degenerate into puerile simplicity, fitter to corrupt the taste of young people than to form it. With regard to Titus Livius, he is a politician and an orator; he is every thing that is improper for this age.

History is in general defective, because it marks only great and striking events, which may be ascertained by names, places, and dates: but the slow and progressive cause of these events, which cannot be thus ascertained, always remain unknown. War, in general, only shews events that are already determined by moral causes, into which historians are seldom able to penetrate.

Add to this, that history shews actions rather than men, because it only takes notice of these in certain moments, when they are in their best dress; they only expose his public character, which is prepared for inspection. It does not follow him into his house, into his family, into the midst of his friends;

friends; it only paints him when he is disguised; it is his dress more than his person that it describes.

As an introduction to the study of the human heart, I should, to the study of civil history, prefer that of biography; for it is then in vain for man to disguise himself; the historian pursues him every where; he leaves him not a moment of repose; no corner to avoid the penetrating eye of the spectator; and it is often when the one supposes himself most concealed, that the other makes him most known. They, says Montague, who write lives, as they are more taken up with counsels than events, more with what passes within, than with what passes without, suit me best: this is the reason why Plutarch is my favourite.

It is certain that the genius of men in society is very different from that of men in private; and we should have a very imperfect knowledge of the human heart, if we did not examine it likewise in the croud: but it is not less certain, that we must begin by examining men individually to know mankind in general; and that he who is perfectly acquainted with the propensities of each individual, may foresee all their effects, when combined, in the body of the people.

It is to the ancients that we must again have recourse for this study of men, for the reasons that I have already advanced; and farther, because all  
familiar

familiar and low details, but true and characteristic, being banished from the modern style, men are as much disguised by our authors, in their private lives, as on the theatre of the world. Decency, not less severe in writings than in actions, does not permit those things to be said in public, which it does not permit to be done; and, as men can only be shewn in feigned characters, we do not know them better in our books than on our theatres. It would be difficult to write again and again, an hundred times, the lives of Kings; we shall have no more Suetoniuses.

Plutarch has attained to excellence by those very details, into which we no longer dare to enter. He possesses an inimitable grace in painting great men engaged in little actions; and he is so happy in the choice of those actions, that a word, a smile, a gesture, suffices in his hands, to characterize his hero. Hannibal, with a jocosé word, encouraged or frightened his army, and made them march laughing to the battle which conquered Italy. Agésilas, astride upon a stick, makes me love the conqueror of a great King. Cesar travelling through a poor little village, and conversing with his friends, discovers, without thinking, the cheat, who said he only wanted to be equal to Pompey. Alexander swallowed a medicine, and uttered not a word: this was the most glorious moment of his life.

life. Aristides wrote his real name upon a shell, and thus justified his surname. Philopomenes cut wood with his coat off, in his landlord's kitchen. This is the real art of painting men. The physiognomy of man does not shew itself in great features, nor the character, in great actions: it is by trifles that the disposition is discovered. Public actions are either too common, or too much embellished; and it is almost only these of which the dignity of our modern authors permits them to take notice.

One of the greatest men of the last century was incontestibly M. de Turenne. The man who wrote his life had the courage to render it interesting, by little anecdotes, which make him known and beloved; but how many has he been forced to conceal, which would have made him more known and more beloved! I shall only cite one, which I have from good authority, and which Plutarch would have been very careful not to omit, but which Ramsay would not have wrote, if he had known it.

One day in Summer, when it was extremely hot, the Viscount de Turenne, dressed in a white waistcoat and in a cap, was at the window of his antichamber. One of his servants coming in, and deceived by his dress, mistook him for one of the under cooks, with whom this servant was very intimate.

timate. He approached softly behind him, and, with a hand that was none of the lightest, gave him a violent blow upon the buttocks. The man that received the blow turned round that moment. The servant saw with dread that it was his master. He fell on his knees quite confounded — “ My Lord, I thought it was George.” — “ And if it had been George,” cried Turenne, rubbing the part that had received the stroke, “ you should not have struck quite so hard.” — Historians, this is then what you dare not relate? But you render yourselves despicable by too much dignity. As to you, amiable young man! who shall read this anecdote, and who feelst with emotion all the mildness of disposition it shews; read at the same time all the meannesses of this great man, in every thing that related to his birth, or his name. Remember, that it is the same Turenne who afflicted every where to let his nephew pass before him, in order that every body might perceive that this child was the hopes of a royal family. Bring these contrals into one point of view, love nature, despise opinion, and know men.

I perceive by the manner in which young people are made to read history, that they are transformed in a manner, into all the personages they read of: their tutors endeavour to make them become sometimes Cicero, sometimes Trojan, sometimes Alex-

ander; they discourage them when they compare themselves to these great men; and inspire every one with regret that he is only himself. This method has certain advantages, with which I do not find fault; but we must reflect, that he who begins by becoming a stranger to himself, very soon forgets himself entirely.

Those who say, that the most interesting history that any man can read, is that of his own country, do not speak truth. The histories of some countries can hardly be read, unless we were fools, or merchants. The most useful history is that in which we find the greatest number of examples of every species of virtue and goodness; in a word, the most instruction. It will be said, that we may find as many of these examples, among people of the present age, as among the ancients. That position is not true: look into antient history and refute it. It will be said, that it is the want of good historians that is the cause of it; but ask them why? That is not true. Furnish matter for good histories, and good historians will be easily found. In short, there are men who will tell you, that the people in every age resemble each other; that they have the same virtues and the same vices; that we only admire the ancients, because they are ancients. But neither is this true: for great things were effected formerly by simple means,

means, and we do now-a-days quite the contrary. The ancients were the coteremporaries of their historians, and have nevertheless taught us to admire them. If posterity should admire ours, they will not have learnt it from us.

The ancient historians are full of views that might be useful in the conduct of life, even if the facts on which they are founded were false: but we know not how to draw any real advantage from history. Learned criticism confounds every thing; as if it were necessary that a fact should be true, in order to furnish an useful moral. Men of sense should regard history as a tissue of fables, the morality of which is adapted to the human heart\*.

\* There is, among the moderns, an historian, whose name is but just beginning to rise to that celebrity which it will one day attain, who, with the truth of history, unites, in a most admirable manner, those qualities which Rousseau, with just taste and observation, commends in the ancients, but finds not in many modern writers. The author alluded to is, Mr. Cunningham, who, in his history of Great Britain, from the reign of Cromwell to the accession of the present family, pleases his reader by a thousand interesting anecdotes, unfolds with perfect perspicuity the grand measures and events of policy and of war, and, by his display of human character and conduct, touches and commands every emotion of the heart.—Had this history been published in the time of Rousseau, it is more than probable that he would have mentioned him.

## R O M A N C E S.

**T**HEATRES, and places of public diversions, are necessary in great cities, and romances are necessary to a corrupted people.

Romances are, perhaps, the last species of instruction which remains to be given to a people too depraved to receive any other. The composition, therefore, of this kind of books should be permitted only to men of good morals, as well as great sensibility, who should exhibit a picture of their hearts in their writings. The author of romances should not be above the frailties of human nature; they should not all on a sudden draw pictures of virtue beyond the imitation of men, but should make them love it, by painting it less severe, and who know the art of sensibly conducting them to it, from the bosom of vice.

We complain that romances disturb the mind: I readily believe it. By continually laying before the reader the pretended charms of a state, of which they are not in possession, it makes them take a dislike to their own situations, and make an imaginary exchange with that which they are taught to love.

By

By wishing to be what we are not, we at least fancy ourselves different from what we really are; and thus it is that we become mad. If novels only shewed their readers pictures of objects that are familiar to them, duties that they were able to fulfil, pleasures suited to their conditions, instead of making them mad, they would make them wise; because they would instruct, at the same time, that they captivated them; and, by destroying the false and contemptible maxims of great societies, they would attach them to their actual situations in life. With all these qualities, a romance, if it be well written, at least if it be useful, must be railed at, detested, and cried down by people of the world, as insipid, extravagant, and ridiculous: and thus it is that the folly of the world passes for wisdom\*.

There are a great many more novels read in the provinces, than in Paris; they are more read in the

\* There is a distinction between romances and novels: a very high degree of extravagance is admitted with a pleasing effect in the former: the latter are expected to keep near to real life. We are pleased with the well-conducted extravagance of *Gulliver*, *Micromegas*, and *The Man of the Moon*: it is the contrary quality of a faithful adherence to what actually passes in the world that bestows its greatest charm on *Cecilia*, and even gives an interest in compositions that scarcely seem to aspire to wit or fancy, but drawn from actual observation merely: such as *Excessive Sensibility*, and the *Countess of Sanmore*.

country than in towns, and they make a great impression. But those books, which might serve at once for amusement, instruction, and consolation, to a countryman, who is only unhappy because he fancies himself so, seem calculated only to give him a disgust at his situation, by extending and strengthening the prejudice which makes him despise it: men of the world, women who are in the ton, the great, and military men, are always the principal personages of all novels. The refinement of taste in towns, the maxims of the court, the preparations of luxury and epicurean morality, are the lessons they preach, and the precepts they give. The colouring of false virtues eclipses the splendour of the real; in the transactions of life, art is substituted to real duties; fine discourses throw contempt on great actions; and the simplicity of good morals pass for unpolished manners. What effects must such pictures produce on a country squire, who sees his hospitality railed at, and the joy and pleasure which he promotes in his district called brutal revels? Or on his wife, who learns, that the occupations of the mother of a family are beneath ladies of her rank? Upon his daughter, who is taught by the affectation of manners, and the cant of towns, to despise their honest and unpolished neighbour, whom she would have married? All in concert, no longer choosing to be clowns, are disgusted with their villages, abandon  
their

their old seats, which soon fall into ruins, and go to the capital, where the father, adorned with the cross of St. Louis, losing all his consequence, becomes a valet, or lives by his wits. The mother establishes a gaming house; the daughter draws gamblers to it; and they all three often die in misery and dishonour.

## T R A V E L S.

WE never open a book of travels, in which we do not find descriptions of characters and manners; but we are astonished to find that those people who have described so many things, have said nothing more than what was already known; nor have they perceived any thing more at the other end of the world, than they might have remarked without going out of the street they lived in; and that those true features, which distinguish nations, and which strike those eyes which are capable of seeing, have always escaped theirs. It is to this circumstance that we are indebted for that fine moral saying so hacknied among the philosophical tribe, that men are every where alike, that having every where the same passions, and the same vices, it is quite useless to attempt to characterize different people: which is nearly as sound an argument, as if we were to maintain, that we cannot distinguish Peter from James, because they have both of them a nose, a mouth, and eyes. Shall we never see those happy times revived, when the people never thought of philosophizing, but when Plato, Thales, and

and Pythagoras, inspired with an ardent desire of knowledge, undertook the greatest voyages, solely for the sake of instruction, and went to a distance from home to shake off the yoke of national prejudices, to learn to know men by their conformity and difference, and acquire universal knowledge, which is not that of one century, or one country, exclusively, but which, belonging to all times and places, is in a manner the science common to philosophers?

We admire the splendour of some curious people who have made voyages, at a great expence, to the east, accompanied by learned men and painters, to draw the dimensions of some pieces of architecture, and to read, and copy inscriptions: but it is wonderful to me how, in an age in which men pride themselves upon elegant knowledge, there is not two suitable men to be found, one rich in money, the other in genius, both loving glory, and aspiring to immortality; one of which would sacrifice twenty thousand crowns of his property, and the other ten years of his life for a celebrated voyage round the world; not to study plants and stones, but men and manners, and who, after so many ages spent in endeavouring to know the house, should endeavour, at least, to gain some knowledge of its inhabitants.

There are a great many people who derive even less instruction from travelling than from books,

because they are unacquainted with the art of thinking; and because, in reading, their imagination is at least guided by the author; but in travelling they can make no observations of themselves.

Of all nations in the world, the French travel the most; but full of their own customs and manners, they decry every thing that does not resemble them. There are French to be found in every corner of the world. There is no country in which we find more people who have travelled than in France. Notwithstanding this, though they are, of all people in Europe, those who see the most, yet they know the least. Englishmen travel likewise, but in a different manner. It seems as if these two nations must always differ from one another, in every thing. The English nobility travel; the French nobility do not. The French have always some interested view in their travelling: but the English do not go and seek their fortune in other nations, unless it be by commerce, and with their pockets well lined. When they travel, it is to circulate their money, not to live by their wits; they are too proud to appear mean out of their own country. For this reason they gain much more knowledge among strangers than the French do, who have quite another object in view. The English have, nevertheless, some national prejudices: they have even more than any other country; but these prejudices are less the effect of ignorance

norance than of passion. The English have prejudices arising from pride: the French from vanity.

As those people who are the least polished are in general the wisest, so those who travel the least, travel to the best purpose, because, being less advanced than us in frivolous researches, and less occupied with objects of vain curiosity, they turn all their attention to what is really useful. I hardly know any people, unless it be the Spaniards, who travel in this manner. While a Frenchman is running to all the artists of a country, while an Englishman causes some piece of antiquity to be drawn, and a German carries his *Album* to all the learned, the Spaniard studies in silence the government, the morals, and the politics, of nations; and he is the only one out of the four who, when he returns home, has made some remark from what he has seen, which is useful to his country.

The ancients travelled little, read little, and wrote few books: yet we observe, from those which remain, that they observed one another much better than we observe our cotemporaries. Without going back to the writings of Homer, who is the only poet that had the art of transporting us to the country he described, we cannot refuse to Herodotus the honour of having painted manners in his history, although more in narrations

than reflections, better than all our historians do by overloading their books with pictures and characters. Tacitus has described the Germans of his time better than any writer has described those of the present. It is incontestable, that those who are versed in ancient history know the Greeks; the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Gauls, and the Persians, better than any people of the present age know their neighbours. It must likewise be acknowledged, that the original character of nations is by degrees worn out, and consequently that becomes more difficult to catch it. Different races of men are gradually intermixed, and the people confounded. Those national prejudices, which in former times struck us at first sight, by little and little disappear. Formerly the people of every country remained at home among themselves: there was less intercourse, less travelling, less sameness, or contrariety of interests, fewer connections, civil and political, among nations, fewer of those royal bickerings called negotiations; no ambassadors in ordinary, or constant residents; extensive voyages were rare; there was but little foreign commerce; and the little that there was carried on by the prince himself, by means either of strangers or of low and contemptible people who could not give the tone to any of their neighbours, and were incapable of uniting the nations. There is, at this day, an hundred times greater connection between

Asia and Europe, than there was formerly between France and Spain. The nations of Europe were then in a more scattered situation, with regard to one another, than all the nations of the earth at present.

Besides all this, the antients, who considered themselves as the Aborigines, or original people of their respective countries, inhabited them long enough to have lost all memory of those remote ages in which they were possessed by their ancestors, and to have subjected them to the lasting impressions which, in the long run, are the usual effects of climate: whereas, with us, first the invasions of the Romans, and afterwards the emigrations of the Barbarians, have thrown all things into tumult and confusion. The French have not, now, those large bodies, and fair, flaxen complexions, which distinguished the antient Gauls; the Greeks are no longer those fine men who served as models in the hands of art; the external figure and appearance of the Romans themselves have changed with their internal character and disposition; the Persians, originally sprung from Tartary, every day lose their primitive ill-favouredness. The Europeans are no longer Gauls, Germans, Lagurians, Allobroges: they are nothing else than Scythians, diversified in different ways from their parent stock, with respect to their outward appearance; and, still more, with respect to their moral cha-

characters. What is the reason why, in antient times, the different races of men, and the qualities of climate and soil, made a more sensible and marked distinction among the temperaments, figures, manners, and characters of natives, than the same circumstances do in our days?—European inconstancy leaves not to any cause sufficient time to produce its natural effect and impression. Forests cut down, marshes drained, the earth more generally and equally, though not so highly cultivated, have even banished, in a great measure, those physical differences, which, in former times, subsisted between one domain, or tract of land, and between one country and another.

Under the influence of such reflections as these, we shall, perhaps, be less inclined to laugh at Herodotus, Ctesias, and Pliny, for having described the inhabitants of different countries with such original features and bold distinctions of nature and character as are no where to be seen, now, in the world. It would be necessary, in order to find the same appearances, to find the same men: and, for nations to remain the same, it would be necessary that no circumstance in their condition should have undergone alteration. If we could bring under our view, at one time, all the nations that ever existed, is it to be doubted, that we should perceive greater differences between one age and another  
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than is to be traced at present between nation and nation ?

At the same time that observations of this kind have become more nice and difficult, they are made with less care and precision: and this is another reason of that want of success which attends our researches into the natural history of the human species. The instruction to be derived from our travels is relative to the object in view when they were undertaken. If this object be a system of philosophy, the traveller sees only what he has a mind to see: if interest, he exhausts, himself, the whole attention of those with whom he converses. Commerce, and the arts which mix and confound the different races of men, hinder them from studying each other. When once they know the gain or advantage to be made of one another, what farther remains to be known ?

There is a material difference between travelling in order to see a country, and travelling in order to see a people. The first of these is always the chief object with your curious people, and the second only an accessory. With the men who would philosophise, this matter ought to be inverted. Infants observe things, waiting till they be capable of making observations on men: men, on the contrary, should begin with observing on their fellow-men, and then make observations on things, if they have time.

In order to attain to a knowledge of nations, it is proper to begin always with that in which we happen to live; afterwards to mark differences as we go over other countries: to compare France, for example, with each of them, as we describe an olive by means of a willow, or a palm tree by means of a fir: and we should suspend our judgement concerning the first country that falls under our observation, till we have made our observations on all the rest.

Travelling is suited to only a very few people: it is suited to those only who are firm enough to hear lessons of error without being seduced by them, and to behold examples of vice without following them. Travels push natural disposition to its original bent, and fix and determine a character to be either good or bad. Whoever returns from making the tour of the world, is, at his return, what he will be for the remainder of his life.

Satine

## Satire on the Present Times.

**S**TATESMEN in former times, talked incessantly of morals and virtues; ours talk of nothing but commerce and money.

Knowledge, sense, and courage alone, engross our admiration; whilst thou, gentle and modest virtue, remainest always without honors or distinction! How blind we are, notwithstanding all our knowledge! Victims of the rash applause we receive, shall we never know how deserving of contempt and hatred all men are, who make an abuse, to the detriment of mankind, of that genius and those faculties, which they have received from nature?

The antients had heroes among them, and used to put men on their theatres; we, on the contrary, exhibit nothing but heroes, for we hardly have any men. The antients talked of humanity in less studied phrases than we do: but they knew better how to exercise it. We might apply to them, as well as to ourselves, an anecdote recorded by Plutarch, which I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing. An old man at Athens, sought a seat at a public place, and could not find  
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one : some young people seeing his distress, beckoned to him at a distance : he approached ; but they got closer together and laughed at him. The poor man was thus obliged to go round the theatre much embarrassed, not knowing what to do with himself, and continually hooted at by the amiable youths. The Spartan ambassadors perceived it, and rising immediately, seated the old man honourably between themselves. This action was observed by all the spectators, and received universal marks of applause. Ah ! *what various evils !* cried the old man in an accent of sorrow ; *The Athenians know what is polite, but the Lacedemonians practise it.* Here is modern philosophy, and ancient morals.

I observe that those people who are always so calm, with respect to public wrongs, are in general the most violent, at the least injury done to themselves ; and that they only keep their philosophy, so long as they do not stand in need of it for their own use. They are like the Irishman, who would not quit his bed, although the house was on fire. The people cried to him that the house was burning : what is that to me, says he ? I am only a tenant : at last the fire reached him ; he immediately began to run and scream ; and comprehended at last, that it is necessary to take some care of the house we inhabit, although it be not our own.

Society is so general, and so mixt in great towns, that there is no asylum left for retirement, and we are in public, even at home. By continually living with all the world, we have no longer a family, we hardly know our relations; they appear to us like strangers: and the simplicity of a domestic life and manners, is extinguished with that amiable familiarity, which constituted its charms.

French politeness is reserved and circumspect, and is solely regulated by the exterior: that of humanity holds these little decorums very light, and is less studious of distinguishing at first sight, situations and ranks, than inclined to respect in general all men.

I perceive that it is impossible to employ a language more polite, than that of the present age; and this is what astonishes me; but I perceive at the same time that it is impossible to have more depraved manners, and this is what shocks me. Do we expect to become good men, because by covering our vices with decent epithets, we have learnt never to blush at them?

An inhabitant of some very distant country, who should endeavour to form an idea of the European manners, by the state of sciences among us, by the flourishing condition and perfection of our arts, by the decorum and elegance of our public places, by the politeness and urbanity of our manners, by the affability of our conversation,

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by our continual professions of benevolence, and by a tumultuous assemblage of men of all ages, and ranks, who seem eager from the break of day to the setting of the sun, reciprocally to oblige one another; this stranger, I say, would guess our morals to be directly contrary to what they are. Now-a-days, that subtile researches and refined taste, have reduced the art of pleasing to rules; there reigns in our manners a vile and deceitful uniformity, and all understandings seem to have been cast in the same mould: politeness is for ever requiring something or other, and decorum giving some command. We for ever follow customs, never our genius: we no longer dare to appear what we are: to know our friend, we must wait some great opportunity: that is to say, we must stay till it is too late.

A Lacedemonian Preceptor, who was asked in raillery what he would teach his pupil, answered, I will teach him to love every thing that is virtuous: were I to meet such a man among us, I would tell him in a whisper: beware of holding this language, or you will never have any disciples; but say that you will teach them to prattle agreeably, and I will answer for your making your fortune.

The arms on coaches, instead of those that used to be formerly painted on them, are ornamented now a days at a very great expence, with indecent paintings, as if it were more glorious to announce  
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one's self to all passengers, as a man of bad morals, than as a man of quality. What is most shocking is, that it is the women who have introduced this custom, and who support it. A wise man who was one day shewn a vis-à-vis of this sort, no sooner cast his eyes on the pannels, than he quitted the master to whom it belonged, and said to him, shew this coach to some ladies of the court; a good man would be afraid to make use of it.

Our gardens are ornamented with statues, and our galleries with paintings. What might we reasonably suppose these master pieces of art, exposed to public admiration, represent? The defenders of their country, or still greater men, those who have enriched it by their virtues? No; the images alone of all the wanderings of the heart and reason, carefully drawn from ancient mythology, and early presented to the curiosity of our children, unloubtedly, that they may have under their eyes examples of bad morals, before they know how to read.

Our writings, if you will, partake of our frivolous, pleasant occupations; but, insignificant and cold as our sentiments, they have no other merit than an easy style, which is not very difficult to give to trifles. The innumerable works of hackney writers that appear every day, being only calculated to amuse women, and possessing neither strength nor depth, fly all from the reader to the

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counter. This is the means of incessantly writing the same books, and of making them always new. Two or three may be cited, that may serve as an exception; but I can cite a hundred thousand, that will confirm the position. For this reason, most of the productions of the present age will die with it, and posterity will think there were few books written, in the very age in which there has been so many.

In the great world, virtue is nothing : all is vain shew ; crimes are effaced by the difficulty of proving them ; proofs would be even ridiculous against the customs which authorise them : and, for this reason, any imprudence in a young woman is deemed unpardonable, while the adultery committed by a married woman carries the mild name of gallantry. They openly make amends, when married, for the short restraint they lived in before.

Men of one age are not the men of another : the reason why Diogenes could not find any men, is, that he sought among his contemporaries, men of an age that no longer existed ; Cato fell with Rome, and liberty, because he was misplaced in his century ; and the greatest of all men, only surprized the world, which he might have governed five hundred years before.

One of the most favourite topics of conversation in polite circles, is sensibility ; but we must not understand by this word, affectionate effusions in  
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the bosom of love and friendship. It is sensibility, employed in great general maxims, and refined by all the subtilty of metaphysics; it is inconceivable refinement. Sensibility with them, is like Homer among the pedants, who have forged a thousand chimerical beauties in that poet, for want of perceiving the real. In this manner, sentiment is all spent in wit; and so much evaporates in conversation, that there is none left for practice; decorum is substituted in its stead. We do nearly the same things from custom, which we should by sensibility; so long at least as they only cost us the form, and some transient restraint, which we impose on ourselves, to be well spoken of: for when sacrifices constrain us too long, or cost us too much, adieu sensibility! decorum does not require it to go so far as that.

Every thing is measured and weighed in our actions; every thing which no longer exists in our own sentiments, men of the world have laid down as rules among one another; none dares to be himself. We must do like the rest of the world: this is the first maxim of wisdom. Such a thing is customary, such a thing is not: there is the powerful decision. These rules, thus established, every body does the same things in the same circumstances; every thing goes on in concert, as in the evolutions of a regiment in battle; just like a parcel of puppets nailed upon the same board, and tied to the same thread.

In whatever sense we consider things, there is nothing in society but prattle, cant, and conversation, without meaning. On the theatre, as in real life, it is in vain to listen to what is said : we learn nothing from that of what is done ; and what need have we to learn it ? So soon as a man has spoke, do we make any inquiry about his conduct ? Has he not done every thing ? is he not judged ?— The good man, now-a-days, is not he who does good actions, but he who makes fine discourses ; and a single, inconsiderate, ungenerous discourse, may do an irreparable injury to the man who holds it, which forty years of integrity would not efface. In a word, I perceive, that the actions of men are far from resembling their discourses ; that men are only judged by their discourses, without any regard being paid to their actions. I see likewise, that in great cities, society appears more agreeable, more easy, and even more stable, than among people less refined : but are the people in it in reality more humane, more moderate, more just ? I do not know that they are ; it is only appearances. What they strive to prove to me, and bring evidence in support of, is, that it is only those who are half philosophers, who look into the reality of things : that the true philosopher considers only appearances ; that he must take prejudices for maxims, politeness and decorum for laws, and make the most sublime wisdom consist in living like fools.

It is in private societies, and little entertainments, where the door is shut to accidental guests, that women observe themselves the least, and that we may begin to study them. It is there that ungenerous and satyrical discourses reign most peaceably ; it is there that they discreetly review anecdotes, and discover all the secret events of scandal ; that good and evil is made equally ridiculous and agreeable ; and that each guest, drawing artfully, and according to private interest, the characters of individuals, without knowing it, draws with still more justice his own. It is there, in a word, that they sharpen the dagger, under the pretence of its hurting less, but in reality in order that it may enter deeper.

These conversations are, notwithstanding, more witty, than cutting, and they fall less upon vice, than folly. In general, satire has not a great run, in great cities, where what is only bad, is looked upon of such little consequence, that it is not worth speaking of. What is there left to be blamed, where virtue is no longer esteemed ? and what should we rail at, when there is no harm found in any thing ? At Paris, in particular, where every thing is looked at on its pleasant side, every thing that is fitted to kindle anger and indignation is always ill received, unless it is put in a song or epigram.

Pretty women do not love to be angry ; therefore they are never angry at any thing. They love

to laugh; and as there is nothing to laugh at in crimes, rogues are good men, like the rest of the world: but woe to him, who lays himself liable to ridicule; its caustic impresson is indelible; it not only attacks morals and virtue; it marks even vice; it asperges even the wicked.

What is most astonishing in these chosen societies, is, to see six people singled out to amuse one another, among whom perhaps there are often secret connections, unable to remain one hour together, without introducing half Paris, as if their hearts had nothing to say to one another, and that there was no person there worthy of interesting them.

If the conversation turns by chance on the guests, it is generally in a certain gibberish, of which we must have the key to understand it. With the assistance of this cypher, they reciprocally, and according to the taste of the times, make a hundred disagreeable jokes on one another, during which the greatest fool does not shine the least: while a third part of the company, who are not proficient in this art, are reduced to silence and weariness, or to laugh at what they do not understand.

In the midst of all this, if a man of consequence begins a serious conversation, or starts a serious question, the attention of the whole company is immediately turned to this new object. Men and women, old and young, begin to consider it in every  
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way it will admit ; and we are surprised at the sense and wisdom which proceeds at will from all those giddy heads, provided always, that no unforeseen joke comes in to derange this gravity ; for every one then strives to outdo one another : they all begin at once, and there is then no possibility of resuming a serious manner.

A question in morality would not be better discussed in a society of philosophers, than in that of a pretty woman at Paris : the conclusions would even often be less severe : for the philosopher who intends to act as he says, considers it more than once ; but here, where all morality is only empty talk, they may be severe without any inconvenience ; and they would not be sorry, in order to lessen a little philosophical pride, to put virtue so far out of reach, that the philosopher himself could not attain to it. In short, men and women, instructed by the experience of the world, and particularly by their own conscience, combine in thinking as ill as possible of their species : always dismally philosophising ; always degrading human nature through vanity ; always endeavouring to prove that the source of every thing that is good, is to be traced to some vice. Judging from their own heart, they are always reviling the hearts of all men.

What do you think is to be learnt from the charming conversations of elegant societies ? To judge wisely of worldly matters ? To make a proper use

of society? To know at least the people with whom we live? Nothing of all this. We learn to support untruths, to shake and overturn the force of philosophy, as well as all the principles of virtue; to colour with subtle sophisms, our passions and prejudices, and to give to error a certain fashionable appearance, according to the maxims of the day. It is not necessary to be acquainted with the character of people, but simply with their interest, to guess what they will say on each subject. When a man speaks, it is in a manner his coat that dictates the sentiment he utters; he will change his opinion without any ceremony, as often as he changes his situation. Give him by turns a great wig, regimentals, and a cross, you will hear him successively preach, with the same zeal, the laws, despotism, and the inquisition.

There is one kind of reasoning suited to the gentlemen of the long robe; a second to financiers; a third to those of the army. Every one proves to your satisfaction, that what is made use of by the other two is false; a truth that may be affirmed of all three. Therefore, nobody ever says what he thinks, but what it is his interest to make others think: and the apparent zeal they seem to possess for truth, is never any thing but the mask of interest.

You may perhaps think, that people who live in retirement and independence, have at least opinions of their own. Not at all! They are only another  
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kind of machines, who never think of themselves, and who are taught to think like clock-work. We need only examine their societies, and their clubs, or ask their friends, the women of fashion that they see, or the authors they know; when we are acquainted with these, we may pronounce beforehand their sentiments on a book that is near being published, and which they have never read; on a piece that is going to be played, and which they have not seen; upon such and such a system, of which they have not the least idea. And as a clock is in general only wound up for four-and-twenty hours, all these people go every night to learn in the societies they frequent, what they are to think to-morrow.

There is a small number of men and women who think for one another, and through whom all the others speak and act; and as every body thinks of his own interest, and nobody of the general good; and that private interests put them in continual opposition to one another, there is a continual intrigue and cabal, a constant ebbing and flowing of prejudices, and of different opinions, where the most violent, animated by contradiction, hardly ever know what is the subject of dispute. Every club has its rules, its decisions, its principles, which are not admitted any where else. A good man, in his own house, is often a rogue in his neighbour's. Good, bad, beautiful, ugly, truth, and virtue, have only a local and circumscribed existence. Whoever loves

to mix much with the world, and to frequent a great many societies, ought to be more pliant than Alcibiades: he ought to change his principles like his company; to modify in a manner his understanding at each step, and measure his opinions with great exactness. He must, at every visit he makes, quit his soul, if he has one, and take another suited to the house he enters; as a footman puts on a livery, and takes it off again when he quits his place, and takes back, if he will, his own coat, till he makes another exchange.

Nay, more, all are continually in contradiction with themselves, without any body ever finding fault with it. We have rules for conversation, and rules for practice; nobody is shocked at their difference, and they have agreed that they should differ. An author, particularly if he be a moralist, is not even required to talk like his books, nor to act as he speaks. His writings, his discourses, his conduct, are three distinct things, which he is not obliged to reconcile. In a word, every thing is absurd, and nothing shocks, because we are accustomed to it: there is even in this inconsistency a sort of respectable appearance, upon which a great many people pride themselves. In fact, notwithstanding that all preach the maxims of their professions, they all pique themselves upon having the appearance and manners of another. The magistrate apes the officer; the tradesman the man of fashion;

fashion ; the bishop makes gallant discourses ; the courtier talks of philosophy ; the man of business of elegant knowledge : all this holds even down to the poor mechanic, who, not being able to assume any other language than his own, dresses himself in black every Sunday, to have the appearance of a man of fashion. Military men alone, despising all other situations, preserve without any ceremony the manners of their own.

Therefore, the people we speak to, are not those with whom we converse ; their sentiments do not proceed from their hearts ; their knowledge is not in their minds, their discourses do not convey their ideas : we see nothing of them, but their persons, and we are in an assembly as before a moving scene, where the quiet spectator is the only being that is moved of itself. How pleasant it would be to live among us, if the exterior countenance was always the image of the dispositions of the heart ; if decency were virtue ; if our maxims served us for rules ; if true philosophy were inseparable from the title of philosopher ! But so many amiable qualities too seldom go together : virtue walks not in such state.

Let us thoroughly examine our frivolous professions of benevolence, and what passes at the bottom of our hearts, or, if we reflect what must be the state of things, when men are forced to caress and destroy one another mutually, where they are born enemies through duty, and cheats through interest.

Every man is a gainer, it is said, by serving others : true ; but we gain more by prejudicing them. There is no legitimate profit, but what is surpassed by that which we may make illegitimately ; and the harm done our neighbours, is always more lucrative than the services we render him. The only question is, how to do it with impunity. It is for this that the powerful employ all their strength, and the weak all their art.

What a contrast between the discourses, the sentiments, and the actions of good people ! When I see the same men change their opinions, according to their company ; MOLINISTS in one, JANSENISTS in another ; vile courtiers when with ministers ; a refractory patriot when with those who are not on the side of the minister : when I hear a man, covered with gold, condemn luxury ; a collector, taxes ; a prelate, irregularity : when I hear a woman of the court talk of modesty ; a great nobleman of virtue ; an author of simplicity ; an abbé of religion ; and that these absurdities shock nobody ; ought I not to conclude, that people are not more anxious to hear truth, than to speak it ; and that, far from wishing to persuade others, when they speak to them, they do not endeavour to make them think that they believe themselves what they are saying to them ?

Authors, men of letters, and philosophers, never cease exclaiming, that, to fulfil the duties of a citizen,

zen, to serve our fellow-creatures, we must live in great cities : according to them, flying from Paris, is hating mankind ; country people are nothing in their eyes ; to hear them, we might suppose, that there is only men where there are pensions, academies, and entertainments.

From neighbour to neighbour, the same inclinations hurries on all states. Stories, romances, plays, are all taken from the country ; they all turn into derision the simplicity of rural manners ; they all preach the manners and the pleasures of the great world ; it is a misfortune not to taste them. Who knows how many sharpers, and prostitutes, the attractions of these imaginary pleasures bring every day to Paris ? Thus, prejudices and opinion, strengthening the effect of political systems, draw together the inhabitants of each country into some corner of its territories, and leave all the rest desert and uncultivated. Thus, to make the capital brilliant and splendid, nations are unpeopled ; and this frivolous splendor, which dazzles the eyes of fools, makes Europe run headlong to its ruin.

The French people of fashion count nobody but themselves in the world ; all the rest of mankind are nothing in their eyes. To have a coach, a Swiss, a butler, is being LIKE ALL THE WORLD. To be LIKE ALL THE WORLD, we must be like very few people. Those who walk on foot, are

not people of the world; they are tradesmen, common people; people, in short, of the other world: and we might say, that a carriage is not so necessary to carry us, as it is to make us exist.

MAN.

## M A N.

**I**N the present state of things, a man, left to himself from his birth, among others, would be, of all men, the most disfigured and helpless. Prejudices, authority, necessity, example, all those social institutions in which we are immersed, would stifle nature, and substitute nothing in its place. Human nature, thus situated, would be in the same condition with a little tree, springing up by chance in a public road, which travellers soon destroy by knocking it on all sides, and bending it in all directions.

Plants are fashioned by cultivation, and Men by education. If men were born tall and strong, their stature and strength would be of no signification to them, till they had learnt to make use of it. It would even be prejudicial to them, because it would prevent others from even thinking of assisting them; and abandoned to themselves, they would die of misery, before they had even known their wants. We complain of the state of childhood: we do not perceive that the human species would all have perished, if men had not been first children.

Suppose a child, as soon as it was born, had the stature and strength of a man, that he came out, for

to speak, from the womb of his mother, like Pallas out of the brain of Jupiter; this man-child would be a perfect idiot, an automaton, an inanimate statue, and almost insensible. He would see nothing, he would hear nothing, he would know nothing; he would know nobody; he would not know how to turn his eyes towards what he wanted to look at. Not only would he be without all perception of external objects: he would not even apprehend an object in those very organs of sense by which external objects are discovered: colours would not exist in his eyes; nor sounds in his ears; whatever material object he might touch, it would not seem to be in contact with his body; nay he would not even know that he had a body. The touch of his hand would be felt in his brain; all his sensations would be concentrated in a single point; it is only in this common *sensorium* that he would exist: he would only have one idea, namely, that of *me*, to which he would refer all his sensations; and this idea, or rather this sentiment, would be the only thing that he would have that is not in the possession of an ordinary infant.

It is the fate of Man to suffer in every period of his existence. Even the attention necessary to self-preservation, is painful. Happy in our infant years to know no other than physical evils! Evils which are much less cruel, much less afflicting, than others, and which much seldomer make us weary  
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of life. We do not kill ourselves for the pains of the gout; there is hardly any but those of the mind, which ever produce despair. We pity the state of childhood, and it is ours which we ought to pity. Our greatest misfortunes proceed from ourselves.

So long as men were satisfied with their rural huts; so long as they were satisfied with fastening their dresses of skin with thorns, or fish bones, and ornamenting themselves with feathers and shells, with painting their bodies of different colours; with embellishing their bows and arrows; with cutting out with sharp stones, fishing-boats, or some rustic instrument of music; in a word, so long as they only applied themselves to work that one person might do, and to arts that had no need of the assistance of several hands; they lived free, healthy, good, and happy, as far as their nature would admit of happiness, and continued to enjoy among themselves the pleasures of an independent commerce: but from the moment that one man stood in need of the assistance of another; so soon as they perceived that it was useful for one man to have provision enough for two, equality disappeared, the idea of property was introduced, and labour became necessary: vast forests were changed into smiling plains, which it was necessary to water with the sweat of the brow, and where slavery and misery were soon seen to spring up with the harvest. Metallurgy, and agriculture, were the two arts, the inven-

invention of which produced this great revolution. The poet supposes it to have been gold and silver; but the philosopher knows that it was iron and corn that civilized men, and lost all mankind.

Men are not designed to throng together in such numbers, but to be dispersed upon the earth, which they ought to cultivate. The more they assemble, the more they become corrupted. The infirmities of the body, as well as the vices of the heart, are the infallible effects of too great a number of people being drawn together. Man is, of all animals, that which ought the least to live in flocks. Men heaped together like sheep, would perish in a very little time. The breath of man is fatal to his fellow-creatures; this is not less true in the reality than in the figurative sense of the word.

If the only object in question were, to shew young people men with their masks on, we should have no occasion to shew them; they would see them without us; but since the mask is not the man, and that they must not be seduced by their appearance, in describing men, describe them as they are, not that they may hate, but pity them, and not wish to be like them. This, in my mind, is the plainest sentiment that a man can entertain concerning his species.

The supreme Being has chosen to do honour in every thing, to the human species: when he gave  
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to man unlimited propensities, he gave him at the same time laws to regulate them, that he might be free, and command himself: when he gave him immoderate passions, he joined reason to those passions to govern them: when he gave women unlimited desires, he joined modesty to those desires, to restrain them.

In addition to all these circumstances, he encouraged a proper use of the senses by a positive recompence; namely, the taste we have for every thing that is virtuous, when we make virtue the rule of our actions.

Men say that life is short; and I perceive that they endeavour to make it so. Not knowing how to employ it, they complain of the rapidity of time; and I perceive that it even passes slower than they desire. Always full of the object of which they are in pursuit, they see, with regret, the interval which separates them from it: one would be at to-morrow, the other at next month; another at ten years hence; none would live to-day: nobody is satisfied with the time present; every body complains that it moves too slowly on.

Mortals, will you never cease to find fault with Nature? Why do you complain that life is short, since it is not short enough for your taste? If there be one among you, who knows how to exercise due moderation in his desires, never to form a wish that  
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time should pass away, such a one will not find life too short: to live and enjoy will be the same thing to him; and were he destined to die young, he would even then die full of years.

Study

## STUDY OF MAN.

**T**HE Study which is fuitable to Man, is that of his relations. So long as he only knows himself by his physical being, he ought to study himself by his relations to things: this is the employment of his childhood. When he begins to feel his moral existence, he ought to study himself by his relations to men: this is the business of his whole life.

An upright heart, is the first organ of truth; that which has felt nothing, knows not how to learn any thing; it knows only how to wander from error to error; it acquires only a wisdom and a barren knowledge; because the true relation of things to man, which is the most useful of all sciences to him, remains always concealed. But it is limiting ourselves to the first half of this science, not to study likewise the relations that things have to one another, in order to judge better of those they have to us. It is of little use to be acquainted with human passions, if we know what value to set upon the objects of those passions; and this second study can only be made in the undisturbed tranquillity of meditation. Our true masters, are experience and feeling; and man is never to judge of what is fuitable

suitable or good for man, except in those things which he has experienced.

The youth of the wise man, is the time of his experience, of which his passions are the instruments; but, after having applied his mind to exterior objects, in order to feel them, he withdraws it within himself, to consider, to compare, and to know them.

LIBER-

## LIBERTY OF MAN.

**N**O material being is active of itself; but I am. It is in vain to dispute this with me: I feel it; and this sentiment which speaks, is stronger than the reason which combats it. I have a body upon which other bodies act, and which acts upon them; this reciprocal action is not doubtful; but my will is not independent of my senses. I yield, or resist; I am vanquished, or I conquer; and I feel perfectly within myself, when I have done what I wanted to do, or when I have only been overcome by my passions. I have always the power of will, but not always the force of executing it. When I yield to my sensations, I act according to the impulse of external objects; I only listen to my will; I am made a slave through my vices, and through the remorse which these produce, I regain my freedom. The sentiments of liberty is never effaced in me, but when I suffer myself to be corrupted, and when I prevent the voice of the soul from revolting against the laws of the body.

I know nothing of will, but by what I feel of my own, and the understanding is not more known to me. When I am asked what is the cause which determines

termines my will, I ask, in my turn, what is the cause which determines my judgement? For it is obvious that these two causes make but one; and if we form a just conception of that active energy, which we exercise in the formation of our judgements, and that his understanding is nothing more than the power of comparing and judging, we shall perceive that Liberty is a power of the same kind with that just mentioned, or perhaps derived from it. He chuses the good, if he has discerned the truth; if he judges wrong, he chuses the bad.—What is then the cause which determines his will? It is his intelligent faculties; it is the power he possesses of judging; the decisive cause is in himself. Beyond that, I understand nothing.

I am undoubtedly not at liberty either not to desire what is good for me, or to wish myself any harm; but my liberty consists in this very thing, that it is not in my power to wish what is suitable to me, or at least what I look upon as such, without being determined in my volition by something foreign to me, or external. Does it follow from this, that I am not my own master, because I am not the master of being any other than myself?

The principle of all action lies in the will of a free being: we cannot go beyond that. I do not mean the word liberty, which signifies nothing; I mean that of necessity. If we suppose some act, some effect, not derived from an active principle, it

is, in fact, supposing effects without causes; it is falling into an absurd circle. Either there is no first impulse, or no first impulse has any anterior cause; and there is no true will, without liberty. Man is therefore free in his actions, and as such, is animated by an immaterial substance.

If man be active and free, he acts of himself: nothing, of course, which he does freely, enters into the system of Providence, or can, with justice, be imputed to it. The Supreme mind does not design to bring about the evil which is committed by man, through an abuse of the liberty which he gave him: but he does not prevent him from doing it, whether, because the wickedness which so feeble a being commits, is nothing in his eyes; or that he could not prevent it, without constraining his liberty, and doing a greater evil, by degrading his nature. He made him free, in order that he might not do what is evil, but what was good from choice. He has put it in his power to make this choice, by making a proper use of those faculties with which he has endowed him; but he has so far limited his strength that the abuse he makes of the liberty he has let him, cannot disturb the order of the universe.

The harm which man does, falls upon himself, without altering any thing in the system of the world; without preventing the human species from self-preservation, notwithstanding their possession of freedom. To murmur that God does not prevent

vent his doing wrong, is to murmur that he has made him by nature excellent, that he gave him the power of ennobling his actions, by the rectitude of his moral conduct.

The height of enjoyment is the being pleased and satisfied with ourselves : it is to merit this enjoyment, that we are placed on the earth, and endowed with liberty ; that we are tempted by our passions, and restrained by our conscience. What more could the Divine Power itself do in our favour ? Could it blend contradictions in our nature, and bestow the reward of virtue on those who could not deviate from it ? What ! was it necessary, in order to preserve man from wickedness, to confine him to instinct alone, and make him like an animal ? No. O God of my soul, I shall never reproach thee, because thou hast made it after thy own image, in order that I might be free, good, and happy, like thee !

## The Nature of Man—Immateriality of the Soul.

WHEN I reflect on the nature of Man, I discover in it two distinct principles ; one of which elevates him to the study of eternal truths, the love of justice, and morality ; to the regions of the intellectual world, the contemplation of which is the delight of the philosopher ; while the other brings him basely back to himself, subjects him to the empire of his senses, to the passions, which are the ministers of these, and undoes every thing which the first principle inspired. When I feel myself dragged along, and attacked by these two opposite inclinations, I say to myself, No ! Man is not one, I will, and I will not ; I feel myself at the same time a slave, and free ; I perceive what is good, I love it, and I do what is evil : I am active when I listen to reason, passive when I am carried away by my passions ; and my greatest torment, when I am overcome, is, to feel that I might have resisted.

If it is natural to man to prefer himself to every thing, and if, notwithstanding this, the first sentiment of justice is innate in the human heart, let him

who made man a simple being, remove these contradictions, and I will acknowledge that he has but one substance. By the word substance, I understand in general, a being endowed with some primitive quality, and an abstract of all the particular or secondary qualities. Therefore, if all the primitive qualities which are known to us, can be united in the same being, we ought to admit only one substance; but if there are qualities which cannot co-exist, but mutually exclude each other, then there must be as many different substances as we can make such exclusions.

It is sufficient, notwithstanding all that Locke says, to comprehend matter merely under the ideas of extension and divisibility, to be certain that it cannot think; and when a philosopher comes and tells me that the trees feel, and that the rocks think, it will be in vain for him to puzzle me with his subtle arguments; he will appear to me in no other light than that of a disingenuous sophist, who is more inclined to suppose, that stones are possessed of feeling, than that a man is endowed with a soul.

Suppose a deaf man, who denies the existence of sounds, because they have never struck his ear: I place before him a stringed instrument, from which I draw a sound in unison, by means of another instrument, which is concealed. The deaf man

feels

fees the cords shake : I tell him, it is the sound which is the cause of it. “ Not at all,” says he ; “ the cause of the shaking of the chord is in itself ; it is a quality common to all bodies to shake thus.”——‘ Shew me, then,’ I reply, ‘ this shaking in all the other bodies ; or at least, ‘ the cause of it, in these chords ?’ “ I cannot,” replies the deaf man ; “ but because I do not conceive how this chord shakes, why must I go and explain all this by your sounds, of which I have not the least idea ? It would be explaining an obscure fact, by a cause still more obscure. Either make me sensible of your sounds, or I shall continue to deny their existence.”—The more I reflect upon the thoughts, and the nature of the human mind, the more I think the arguments of the Materialists resemble those of the deaf man. They are deaf, indeed, to the interior voice which calls to them in a tone difficult to be mistaken. A machine does not think, it is neither action nor figure which produces reflection. Something within thyself seeks to break these chains which compress them : unthinking substance is not commensurable with space. The whole universe is not big enough for thee ! Thy feelings, thy desires, thy uneasiness ; even thy pride has another origin than this narrow body, in which thou feelest thyself confined.

If the soul is immaterial, it may survive the body; and if it does survive it, Providence is justified. If I had even no other proof of the immateriality of the soul, than the success of the bad, and the oppression of the good, in this world, that alone would prevent my doubting it. So shocking a discord in the universal harmony, would lead me to inquire into the cause of it.— I should say, within myself, Every thing is not at an end with life; every thing returns into its proper order at our death. I should, indeed, be a little puzzled, when I ask myself, Where is man? when all that was perceptible of him is destroyed. The moment I have recognized two distinct substances, this is no longer a difficult question.

It is quite plain, that during my corporal existence, perceiving nothing, but by my senses, every thing which is independent of them escapes me. When the union of the body and the soul is dissolved, I conceive that the one may perish, and the other continue to exist. Why should the annihilation of the one cause the annihilation of the other? On the contrary, being of such opposite natures, they were, from their union, in a state of violence: when their union, therefore, is at an end, they return to their natural state. The living and active substance regains  
all

all the strength which it employs to animate the passive and dead substance. Alas! I feel it too much, by my vices. Man exists but half during his life, and the life of the soul begins only at the death of the body.

I can conceive how the body is worn out and destroyed, by the division of its parts; but I cannot conceive such a destruction of the soul: and not being able to conceive how it can die, I presume that it does not die. Since this supposition is a consolation to me, and has nothing unreasonable in it, why should I be afraid to indulge it?

I feel my soul; I know it by my feelings and thoughts; I know that it exists, without knowing what is its essence: I cannot argue upon ideas, which I am not acquainted with. What I know, is, that the identity of *SELF*, is only prolonged by memory; and, that to be the same in effect, I must remember that I have been. Therefore, I cannot recollect, after my death, what I have been during my life, without recollecting, at the same time, what I have felt, and consequently what I have done; and I have no doubt, but this recollection makes one day or other the happiness of the good, and the torment of the wicked.

Here, below, a thousand ardent passions stifle conscience, and prevent remorse. The humili-

ations, and the disgrace to which the exercise of virtue is exposed, prevent us from feeling all its charms. But, when emancipated from the illusions of the body, and the senses, we shall enjoy the contemplation of the Supreme Being, and of the eternal truths of which he is the source; when the beauty of order shall strike all the powers of our soul, and when we shall be solely occupied in comparing what we have done, with what we ought to have done: then the voice of conscience will regain its power and empire; then the pure pleasure which arises from self-approbation, and the regret of having debased ourselves, will distinguish, by inexhaustible feelings, the lot which every one has prepared for himself.

The more I enter into myself, and examine my mind; the more I read these words written in the bottom of my heart; be just, and thou shalt be happy. But this, however, does not hold, if we have respect only to the present state of things; the wicked prosper, and the just are oppressed. But see what indignation is kindled in us, when this design is frustrated! Conscience rises and murmurs against its author; and cries to him in sighs, Thou hast deceived me.—I have deceived thee, rash being! And who told thee so? Is thy soul annihilated? Hast thou ceased to exist? Oh, Brutus! Oh, my son! Do not stain thy noble existence, in putting an end to it: do not leave thy hopes and thy glory  
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with thy body in the fields of Philippi. You answer, why ? Virtue is nothing, when you are going to enjoy the reward of thine ? Dost thou think thou art going to die ? No, thou art going to live : and it is then that I shall fulfil all that I have promised thee.

G 3

REASON.

## R E A S O N.

ONE of the acquisitions of man, and even one of the slowest, is reason. Man learns to see with the eyes of the understanding, as well as with the eyes of the body: but the first apprenticeship is much longer than the second; because the relations of intellectual objects not being measured by extension, are only found out by estimation, and because our first wants, being physical, do not render the examination of these same objects so interesting to us. We must learn to see two objects at the same time; we must learn to compare them between themselves; we must learn to compare a great number of objects together, and trace by degrees their cause, and discover their effects: we must have combined a number of relations, to acquire ideas of what is right, as well as of proportion, harmony, and order. A man who is deprived of the assistance of his fellow-creatures, and incessantly occupied in providing for his wants,

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is compelled to follow his own ideas in every thing; he makes a very slow progress on that side; he grows old, and dies, while his reason is yet in its infancy.

## The Understanding of Man.

WE are acquainted, or we may be acquainted, with the first point from which we all start to arrive at the common degree of understanding ; but who is it that is acquainted with the other extremity ? Every one advances more or less, according to his genius, his taste, his talents, his zeal, and the opportunities which he meets with of cultivating them. I believe, no philosopher has ever yet been bold enough to say, Here is the limit to which man can arise, but which he cannot pass. We are ignorant what our nature permits us to be ; none of us have measured the distance which may be found, between one man and another.—Where is the mean soul which this idea has never warmed, and who does not sometimes say, in the pride of his heart, How many I have already surpassed ! how many there are yet whom I can come up to ! Why should my equal go farther than me ?

## Greatness of Man.

**M**AN is the king of the earth which he inhabits ; he not only subdues all the animals, and disposes the elements by his industry, but he is the only being on earth that knows how to dispose them ; nay, by means of contemplation, he appropriates even the heavenly bodies, which he cannot approach.

Shew me another animal on the earth, who knows how to make use of fire, and admire the fun. What ! I can observe and know the creatures of the earth, and their relations ; I can feel and know what is order, beauty, and virtue : I can contemplate the universe ; elevate myself to the hand which governs it ; I can love virtue, and practise it, and I compare myself to an animal !—Mean soul ! it is gloomy philosophy, which renders you like itself ! Or rather, you endeavour in vain to debase yourself. Your genius gives testimony against your principles ; your beneficent heart contradicts your doctrine ; and even the abuse of your faculties, proves their excellence, in spite of yourself.

## Weakness of Man.

**W**HAT is meant, by saying man is weak? The word weakness indicates a relation; a relation to the being to which we apply it. The creature whose strength surpasses its wants, were it even an insect, or a worm, is a strong creature: that being, whose wants surpass its strength, were it an elephant, a lion; were he a conqueror, or a hero; or were he even a god, is a weak being. The rebel angel, who mistook his nature, was weaker than the happy mortal who lives in peace, according to his.

Man is very strong, when he is satisfied with being what he is; he is very weak, when he endeavours to raise himself above human nature. Do not therefore suppose, that by extending your faculties, you will increase your strength; you will diminish it, on the contrary, if your pride extends more than your strength. Let us measure the radius of our sphere, and let us remain in the middle,

middle, like the insect in the middle of his web :  
we shall thus always be sufficient for ourselves, and  
shall not have to complain of our weakness ; for  
we shall never feel it.

## HUMAN WISDOM.

THE great fault of human wisdom, even of that which has only virtue for its object, is an excess of confidence, which makes us judge of the future by the present, and by one moment of our whole lives. We feel ourselves strong one moment, and we think we never can be shaken. Full of a pride, which experience daily confounds, we think we have nothing more to fear, when we have escaped one snare. The modest language of courage is, I am brave some days ; but he who says, I am brave, knows not what he will be to-morrow ; and supposing the courage to be his own, which he has not given himself, he deserves to lose it, at the moment he wants it.

How ridiculous must all our projects be ; how rash all our arguments, before the Being, to whom ages have no succession, nor places any distance ! We look upon what is far from us, as nothing : when we shall have changed places, our opinions will be quite opposite, and will not be better founded. We regulate the future, by what is good and agreeable to us to-day, without knowing whether it will be so to-morrow ; we judge of ourselves, as  
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if we were always the same, and we change every day. Who knows whether we shall love to-morrow what we love to-day ; if we shall choose what we have choosed ; if we shall be the same as we were ; if new objects, and the alterations of our bodies, will not have differently modified our souls ; and if we shall not find misery in that which we had prepared for our happiness ? Shew me the rule of human wisdom, and I will take it as a guide. But if the best lesson is to learn to mistrust it, let us have recourse to that which does not deceive, and let us do what it inspires.

## UNCIVILIZED MAN.

**T**HE desires of the uncivilized man do not extend farther than physical wants : the only blessings he knows any thing of in the world, are food, a female, and repose ; and the only evil he fears, is pain, not death ; for an animal will never know what it is to die : and the knowledge of death, and its terrors, is one of the first acquisitions which men made, when they quitted the animal condition.

Alone, idle, and always in danger, the uncivilized man must love sleep, and his sleep must be light like the animals, who, thinking but little, sleep in a manner all the time they do not think. His own preservation being almost his only care, the faculties which he exercises most, must be those whose principal object is attack and defence, either to attain his prey, or to prevent its becoming that of another animal : these organs, on the contrary, which are improved only by effeminacy and sensuality, must remain in a state of rudeness, which must exclude in him all species of delicacy ; and his senses being divided on this point, he will have the touch and the taste extremely rough and coarse, while his sight, hearing, and smell will be very nice. Such is the animal state in general, and it is also, accord-  
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ing to the report of travellers, that of the greatest part of savage people.

The body of the uncivilized man, being the only machine with which he is acquainted, he employs it for several purposes, of which, from want of exercise, ours are incapable; and it is our industry which takes from us the strength and agility, which necessity obliges us to acquire. If he had a hatchet, would his hands break such strong branches? If he had a sling, would he sling a stone with so much velocity with his hand? If he had a ladder, would he climb with so much agility on a tree? If he had a horse, would he be so swift at the chace? Give the civilized man time to assemble all his machines round him, we need not doubt but he will easily outdo the uncivilized; but if you want to see a contest still more unequal, place them naked and disarmed before one another, and you will soon discover the advantage of having continually all our strength at command; to be always prepared for every event, and to carry one's self, so to speak, whole and entire, about with one.

There are two sorts of men, whose bodies are in continual exercise, and who certainly think as little the one as the other of cultivating their minds; namely, peasants and savages. The first are rustic, clownish, and awkward; the second distinguished by acuteness of sense, as well as subtilty of understanding. In general, there is nothing more stupid  
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than a peasant, and nothing more keen than a savage. From whence proceeds this difference? It is because the first, having always done what he was commanded, or what he has seen his father do, or what he has been accustomed to do himself from his youth; never does any thing but by rote. Little better in his life than an automaton, and incessantly occupied with the same works, habit and obedience supersede in him the place of reason.

It is quite different with the savage, who, being attached to no particular place, having no task set him, and obeying nobody, without any other law than his will, is forced to reason upon each action of his life. He takes no step, without first considering the consequences. Therefore, the more he exercises his body, the more his mind becomes enlightened: his strength and his reason increase together, and mutually extend each other.

## CIVILIZED MAN.

THE transition from a state of nature to a state of civilization, has produced in man a very remarkable change, by substituting in his conduct justice to instinct, and giving to his actions the morality which they wanted before. It is then alone that the voice of duty, succeeding to physical impulse, and right to appetite, man, who, till then, had only thought of himself, finds that he is obliged to act on other principles, and to consult his reason, before he listens to his inclinations. Although he deprives himself in this state of several advantages which he receives from nature, he gains so many great benefits; his faculties are exercised and developed, his ideas expanded, his sentiments ennobled: his whole soul is elevated to such a pitch, that if the abuses he makes of this new condition, did not degrade him even below that which he has quitted, he ought incessantly to bless the happy moment which snatched him from it for ever, and which made of a stupid and limited animal, an intelligent being, and a man.

Where is the good man who owes nothing to his country? Be he who he will, he owes it what is  
most

most precious to man, the morality of his actions, and the love of virtue. Born in the middle of a wood, he would have lived more happy, and more free; but having no obstacles to the gratification of his inclinations, he would have been good, without any merit; he would not have been virtuous: but now he knows how to be so, in spite of his passions. The appearance alone of order, teaches him to know and to love it. The public good, which only serves as a pretence to others, is to him a real motive; he learns to combat his inclinations, and to conquer them, and to sacrifice his interest to the interest of the public. It is not true, that he derives no good from the laws; they inspire him with courage to be just, even among the wicked. It is not true, that they have not made him free; for they have taught him to conquer himself.

He who lives in idleness upon what he has not gained himself, steals it; and a pensioner whom the State pays for doing nothing, does not differ much, in my opinion, from a highwayman, who lives at the expence of travellers. A man who lives in total retirement, and quite out of all society, as he owes nothing to any body, has a right to live as he pleases; but, in society, where he necessarily lives at the expence of others, he owes them in labours the price of his maintenance, this is true, without exception. To work, therefore, is, to the civilized man,

man, an indispensable duty. Rich or poor, powerful or weak, every idle citizen is a cheat.

The man, or the citizen, of whatever rank, has no other riches to bring to society than himself; all other riches are there in spite of him; and when a man is rich, he either does not enjoy his riches, or the public enjoys them likewise. In the first case, he steals from others that of which he deprives himself; and, in the second, he gives them nothing. Therefore, the social debt rests on him undiminished and entire, so long as he pays only with his money.

Difference

## Difference of the Civilized and the Uncivilized Man.

**T**HE uncivilized, and the civilized man, differ so essentially in their hearts and inclinations, that what constitutes the supreme happiness of one, would reduce the other to despair. The first breathes nothing but rest and liberty; he only wants to live and remain idle, and even the undisturbed serenity of the stoick, does not equal his great indifference for every other object. The citizen, on the contrary, always active, agitates and torments himself continually to find out the most laborious occupations: he works till death, to which he even exposes himself, in order to acquire wherewithal to live; or, he renounces life to acquire immortality. He pays court to the great, whom he hates, and to the rich, whom he despises; he spares no pains to obtain the honour of serving them: he arrogantly boasts of his own meanness, and their patronage; and, proud of his slavery, he speaks with contempt of those who have not the honour of sharing it.—What a sight for a Caribb \*, would be the painful though envied toils of an European minister! How

\* A native of the Caribbee Islands.

many dreadful deaths would not this indolent savage prefer, to the horror of such a life, which often is not even softened by the pleasure of doing good?

The savage lives in himself: the civilized man, always out of himself, knows only how to live in the opinion of others; and it is, so to speak, from their opinions that he draws the sentiment of his existence. Hence it is, that, always asking others what we are, and never daring, on this head, to interrogate ourselves, in the middle of so much philosophy, humanity, politeness, and sublime maxims, we possess only a frivolous and deceitful appearance; honour without virtue, reason without wisdom, and pleasure without happiness.

The savage, when he has dined, is in peace with all the world, and the friend of his fellow-creatures. If any body ever disputes his repast, he never comes to blows, without having first compared the difficulty of conquering, with that of finding some other food; and, as pride does not interfere in the combat, it is terminated by a few blows: the conqueror eats; the conquered goes and seeks some other food, and every thing is made up. But with the civilized man, there is a great deal more to be done: provision must be made for what is necessary, in the first place; and afterwards for superfluities. Then follows the train of voluptuousness, immense riches, subjects, and slaves: he has not a moment's rest: but what is most singular, is, that the less our wants  
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are natural and pressing, the more our passions increase; and, what is worse still, the power of satisfying them; so that after a long succession of prosperous events, after having squandered a great deal of wealth, and distressed a great many men my hero finishes, by grasping every thing, till he becomes the master of the whole universe. Such in miniature is the moral representation, if not of human life, at least of the secret wishes of every civilized man.

## Men compared to Animals.

**I**PERCEIVE nothing in any animal, but an ingenuous machine, which nature has endowed with sufficient sense to wind itself up, and to preserve itself, in a certain degree, from every thing which is likely to destroy or derange it. I perceive exactly the same thing in the human machine, with this difference, that, whereas nature alone does every thing in the operations of the animal, the man concurs with nature in quality of a free agent. The one chooses or rejects, from instinct; the other, from an act of freedom. And this is the reason why no animal can deviate from the rule which is prescribed it, even if this were to its advantage, and that man often deviates from it, to his own prejudice. From this constitution of nature, a pigeon would die with hunger near a dish of meat, and a cat near a heap of fruit or grain, although one or the other might very well eat the food which they reject, if they had tried it: it is thus that dissipated men give themselves up to excesses, which cause fevers and death; because the mind depraves the senses, and that our will speaks, even when nature is silent.

All

All animals have ideas, because they have senses : they even combine those ideas, to a certain extent ; and man differs from a mere animal only by the degrees of more or less. Some philosophers have even asserted, that there is often a greater difference between one man and another, than between some men and some animals : it is not, therefore, so much the understanding that causes the specific difference between man and the animals, as the power of free agency. Nature commands all animals, and they obey. Man feels the same impression, but he feels himself at liberty to acquiesce or resist ; and it is, above all, in the consciousness of this liberty, that the spirituality of his soul is conspicuous ; for the body explains, in some degree, the mechanism of the senses, and the formation of ideas ; but in the power of willing, or rather of choosing, and in the sentiment of this power, we find nothing but really spiritual actions, which cannot be in the least explained by the laws of mechanism.

But, if the difficulties which attend all these questions, were to leave any room for dispute, concerning this difference between men and animals, there is another very specific quality, which will not admit of controversy ; namely, the faculty of improving ourselves ; a faculty which, aided by circumstances, unfolds in succession all the others, and resides among us, as much in the species as in the individual ; instead of which, an animal is, at the end  
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of a few months, all that it ever will be; and its species, at the end of a thousand years, the same as it was the first year.

Why is man alone liable to become weak? Is it not, that he thus falls back into his primitive state; and that while the animal, which has acquired nothing, and has nothing to lose, remains always under the government of his instinct, man, losing again, through age or other accidents, all that, which from the perfectibility of his nature, he had acquired, is reduced to a lower condition than that of mere animals.

## W O M A N.

**W**OMAN was made to please man : if it be incumbent on man to please her in his turn, it is not by so direct a necessity ; his merit is in his power ; he pleases merely because he is strong.— This is not the law of love, I acknowledge ; but it is that of nature, which is anterior to love itself.

The strictness of the relative duties of the two sexes, neither is, nor can be, the same. When the woman complains of the unjust inequality which man observes between them, she is in the wrong : this inequality is not a human institution ; or at least, it is not the effect of prejudice, but of reason : it is the duty of the one of the two to whom nature has committed the charge of children, to be accountable for them to the other. Undoubtedly, it is not permitted to any one to violate his faith ; and every faithless husband, who deprives his wife of the only recompence of the austere duties of her sex, is an unjust and cruel man : but an unfaithful woman does worse ; she dissolves her family, and breaks all the ties of nature : by giving to a man children that are not his own, she betrays the one and the other ;

other ; she unites perfidy with infidelity. I can hardly perceive any disorder, or crime, which does not originate from that. If there is a terrible situation in the world, it is that of an unfortunate father, who, without any confidence in his wife, is afraid of yielding to the softest emotions of his heart ; who is doubtful, when he embraces his child, whether he is not embracing the child of another, the pledge of his dishonour, and the ravisher of his own children's property ! What is a family, in such a case, but a society of secret enemies, that a guilty woman arms one against the other, by forcing them to deceive and to love one another ?

The ancients possessed, in general, a great respect for women ; but they shewed this respect, by not exposing them to the observation of the public, and they thought it honouring their modesty, to be silent concerning their other virtues. They held it as a maxim, that the country in which the morals were the most pure, was that where the women were the least talked of ; and that the most virtuous woman was she who was least the subject of conversation.

It was upon this principle, that a Spartan, hearing a stranger launch out into great encomiums on a lady of his acquaintance, interrupted him in a passion—" Will you never cease," said he, " to calumniate a virtuous woman ?" It was for this reason, likewise, that, in their love scenes, or re-

presentations of girls going to be married, they never described any thing but bad women or slaves. They had such an idea of the modesty of the sex, that they would have thought themselves wanting in the respect they owed it, even to represent a virtuous girl on the stage. In short, the image of vice unmasked, shocked them less than that of offended modesty.

Among us, on the contrary, the most esteemed women are those who make the most noise in the world ; who are the most talked of ; who are the most seen in public ; who give the greatest entertainments ; who most imperiously set the fashion ; who judge, decide, pronounce, and assign to talents, merit, and virtue, their degrees, and places ; and who are most abjectly courted by literary men. It is still worse on the theatre. In real life, they know nothing at the bottom, although they judge of every thing ; but, on the theatre, instructed in the knowledge of men, in the character of philosophers, thanks to authors, they demolish our sex with their own weapons ; and the silly spectators go simply to learn from women, the very maxims which they had taken care to teach them. This is, in fact, making game of them ; it is taxing them with a puerile vanity ; and I make no doubt, but the wisest of them are exasperated at it. Run over the greatest number of modern theatrical productions, it is always a woman who knows every thing, who teaches the

men every thing: it is always a lady of the court that teaches his catechism to little John de Saintre. A child cannot eat its bread, if it is not cut for him by his nurse. This is just what is represented in modern plays. The nurse is on the theatre, and the children are in the pit.

The first and most important quality in a woman, is gentleness: formed to obey a being so imperfect as man, often so full of vices, and always so full of faults, she ought to learn early to bear even injuries, and to support the wrongs of a husband, without murmuring. It is not for his sake, but her own, that she ought to be gentle: ill humour and obstinacy in women, only augment their misfortunes, and the ill treatment of their husbands: they feel that it is not with those arms that they are to be conquered. Heaven did not make women insinuating and persuasive, to become peevish, it did not make them weak, to be imperious; it did not endow them with so soft a voice, to make use of abuse; it did not form their features in so delicate a mould, to be deformed by passion. When they are angry, they forget themselves; they have often cause to complain, but they are always in the wrong to scold. Every person ought to preserve the manners of their sex: a too indulgent or mild husband, may make a woman impertinent; but unless a man is a monster, the gentleness of a woman

must reclaim, and get the better of him, sooner or later.

Woman labours under every disadvantage; our faults, her own timidity and weakness: she has nothing in her favour, but her art and her beauty.—Is it not right, that she should cultivate both the one and the other? But beauty is not either general or permanent; it is destroyed by a thousand accidents; it fades with our years, and, when it grows familiar, loses its power.

Good sense is the only resource of the sex; not that foolish sense on which there is so great a price set in the world, and which does not contribute in the least to make life happy; but sense suited to our situation, and the art of turning it to advantage, and of making use of whatever advantages we possess.

Women's tongues are flexible; they talk quicker, with more ease, and more agreeably, than men; they are likewise accused of talking more than men: this should be so; and I would willingly change this reproach into an encomium: their mouth and eyes have the same activity, and for the same reason.—Men speak on subjects that they know, women on subjects that please; the one finds knowledge necessary for discourse, the other, taste: the one ought to make what is useful his principal object, the other what is agreeable. Their discourse should have nothing common to both, besides a regard to truth.

Women

Women are not made to run; when they flee it is to be overtaken. Running is not the only thing that they do awkwardly; but it is the only one thing that they do with an ill grace; their elbows behind, and stuck fast to their bodies, place them in a laughable attitude; and the high heels upon which they are perched, make them look like so many grasshoppers, attempting to run without jumping.

The taste of women should be consulted in physical matters, and in things which depend on the judgment of the senses; that of men, on moral things, and which depend on the understanding.— Women will be what they ought, when they confine themselves to things within their own province, and they will always judge wisely; but ever since they have established themselves the arbiters of literature, since they have begun to criticise books, and to write them, they know not how to do any thing. Those authors who consult learned women, are certain of being always ill advised; those sparks who consult them on their attire, are always ill dressed.

The research of abstracted and speculative truths, of principles and axioms in sciences, and every thing which tends to generalize and extend our ideas, is not the province of women: their studies should all be confined to practice; it belongs to them to apply the principles which men discover, and to make observations which may induce men to establish these principles. All the reflections of women, on

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every

every subject that is not immediately connected with their duty, ought to tend to the study of men, or to elegant knowledge, which has taste for its principal object : for, as to works of genius, they are beyond their reach ; neither are they endowed with sufficient accuracy of judgment or attention, to succeed in pure science ; and as to natural philosophy, it belongs to the most active of the two ; the one who sees the greatest number of objects, who has the most strength, and who exerts it most, in judging of the relations of sensible objects, and of the laws of nature. Woman, who is weak, and who perceives nothing external, that she can make the instrument of her will, considers the springs that she may set in motion, in order to supply her weakness, and these springs are the passions of men. Their mechanism is stronger than ours ; all their leavers shake the human heart. Every thing that their sex cannot effect of itself, and that is necessary or agreeable to them, they must have the art of rendering objects of desire to us ; they must therefore study the minds of men to the bottom, not, in an abstracted manner, the mind and disposition of man in general, but the minds of those men who surround her ; the minds of those men to whom she is in subjection, whether by law or opinion. She must learn to penetrate their sentiments by their discourse, by their actions, and by their looks. She must be able, from their discourses,  
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their actions, their looks, to insinuate into them whatever sentiments she pleases, without even appearing to think of it. They will philosophize better than her on the human heart; but she will read better than them into the hearts of individual men. It belongs to women to discover, so to speak, experimental morality, and to men, to reduce it into system. Women have a frivolous, men a more solid understanding: women observe, men reason. From this combination, results the most refined knowledge, and the completest science, which the human understanding is capable of acquiring. In a word, the most perfect knowledge of ourselves and others, which is within the reach of our species.

The world is the book of women: when they do not read it properly, it is their own fault, or they are blinded by some passion.

The understanding of women is a practical understanding, which makes them very easily devise the means of arriving at the end of any thing that is known, but which does not enable them to discover that end.

The judgment of women is sooner formed than that of men. Being almost always on the defensive from their infancy, and entrusted with a treasure very difficult to preserve, they are necessarily sooner acquainted with good and evil.

If the understanding of a woman is in general weaker and less durable than that of a man, it ar-

rives nevertheless sooner at maturity, as a weak sun-flower grows and dies before an oak.

Presence of mind, penetration, and acute observation, is the science of women; and the skill of turning these to advantage is their art or talent.

We are told, that women are deceitful: they become so; they are endowed by nature with address, not deceit. In the real inclinations of their sex, even in telling lies, they are not false. Why do you consult their mouth, when it is not that which ought to speak? Consult their eyes, their complexion, their faint resistance: this is the language which nature gives them to answer you. The tongue always says No, and ought to do so; but it is not always pronounced with the same emphasis, and this emphasis never deceives.

The education of women ought always to have respect to the duties which they are to fulfil towards men. They should be taught from their infancy to please men; to be useful, and to make themselves beloved and honoured by them; to bring them up from their youth; to take care of them, when grown up; to advise, to console them, and to render their life agreeable and pleasant: these are the duties of women at all times.

The ascendancy which women possess over men, is not an evil in itself; it is a gift they have received from nature, for the happiness of human kind; were it better directed, it might be productive of

as much good as it is of evil. We do not feel sufficiently the advantages that would accrue to society, from a better education being given to this half of the human species, which governs the other. Men will always be just what women please: if you would have them, therefore, become great and virtuous, teach women what is greatness of soul, and what virtue.

The empire which women possess over men, is not the choice of men; it has its origin in the ordinance of nature; they possessed it, before it was known that they did so. The same Hercules who thought he could ravish the fifty daughters of Thespitius, was nevertheless constrained to spin by the side of Omphale; and the strong Sampson was not so strong as Dalilah. This empire belongs to women, and cannot be taken from them, even when they abuse it; if it were possible that they should ever lose it, they would have lost it long ago.

It is certain, that it is only in the power of a woman to restore the reign of probity and honour: but they disdain to receive from the hands of virtue, an empire that they choose to owe only to their charms.

What great actions would be performed, from the desire of being esteemed by the women, if we knew how to put this stimulant in practice! Woe to the age, in which women lose their ascendancy, and in which their opinion has no longer any weight

with men ! This is the last stage of depravity. All civilized nations have respected the women.—In proof of this, behold Sparta ! behold Germany and Rome : Rome, the seat of glory and virtue, if ever it had a place on earth ! It is there that women honoured the exploits of great generals ; that they publicly wept over the fathers of their country ; and that their vows and their mourning were consecrated as the most solemn judgment of the republic. All the great revolutions that happened in Rome, were caused by women : through a woman, she acquired liberty ; through a woman, the plebeians acquired the Consulship ; through a woman, there was an end put to the tyranny of the Decemvirs : through a woman, Rome, when on the brink of destruction, was saved from the hand of an enraged outlaw. Ye gallant Frenchmen ! what would ye have said, had you beheld that procession, so ridiculous in the eyes of you men of raillery ? You would have pursued it with your hisses. With what different eyes we behold the same object ! and perhaps we are all in the right. Form a train of fine French ladies, I know of none more indecent ; but compose it of Roman ladies, and we shall all have the eyes of the Volsci, and the heart of Coriolanus.

Oh, women ! dear and fatal objects, whom nature has made so beautiful for our destruction ; who punish us when we brave you ; who pursue when we flee ; whose hatred and love is equally prejudicial,

cial, whom we can neither seek nor avoid with impunity ! Beauty, charm, allurements, thou being or inconceivable chimera, abyss of pain and voluptuousness ! Beauty, more fatal to mortals than the element from which thou art said to be risen, miserable is he who yields to thy deceitful calm ! It is thou who producest the tempests which torment mankind,

GIRLS.

## G I R L S.

GIRLS should be vigilant and industrious : this is not all ; they should be early accustomed to restraint. This misfortune, if it be one to them, is inseparable from their sex, and they are never freed from it, but to suffer some other hardship more cruel. They must be subject all their lives to a severe and continual restraint, which is that of decorum : they must be early inured to restraint, that, by its becoming familiar, they may not feel it ; and to subdue all their inclinations, in order to submit them to the will of others.

A little girl, who loves her mother or her nurse, will work with pleasure all day by her side ; a little prattle alone will make her amends for all her constraint. But if she has an aversion to the person who governs her, she will have the same aversion for every thing she does. It will be a very difficult matter for those who are not happier in their mother's company, than in that of any body else in the world, one day or other to turn out well : but in order to judge of their real sentiments, we must study them, and not trust to what they say ; for  
they

they are flattering and deceitful, and are early acquainted with the art of disguising themselves.

The first thing which young people remark, as they grow up, is, that all the charms of dress are of no avail, if they do not possess some of their own. We can never give ourselves beauty; and we are not very early in a situation of acquiring coquetry: but we may early endeavour to give an agreeable expression to our motions, and an agreeable tone to our voices; to form our carriage; to walk with agility; to acquire elegant attitudes; and always to study what may be an advantage.—The voice extends, grows steady, and acquires a fullness of sound; the arms are expanded, the gait becomes steady; and they perceive, that in whatever manner they are dressed, there is an art of making themselves looked at. From this time, they are not wholly taken up with needles and industry: new talents present themselves, and impress the mind with a sense of their advantage.

In France, girls live in convents, and women run about the world. Among the ancients, it was quite contrary; girls had a great many diversions and public amusements, while women lived in retirement. This custom was more reasonable, and was a better preservative of good morals. A little coquetry is allowable in girls who are to be married; to amuse themselves, is their chief business. Women have something else to do at home, and  
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have no longer husbands to seek ; but they would not find their account in this reformation, and, unhappily, they lead the fashion.

It is unworthy of a man of honour to abuse the innocence of a young girl, in order to use in secret the same liberties which she might permit in public ; for we know what decorum can tolerate in public : but we are ignorant where the person who makes himself the only judge of his frolicks, may stop in the shade of concealment.

If you wish to inspire young people with the love of morality, without continually saying to them, Be virtuous, make them find an interest in being so ; make them feel the full value of virtue, and you will make them love it. It is not sufficient to make them take this interest in future ; shew it them in the present moment, in every thing that bears any relation to their age, in the characters of their lovers. Paint to them the man of worth, and the man of merit ; teach them to know him, to love him, and to love him for themselves ; prove to them, that, as a friend, a wife, or mistress, such a man alone can make them happy. Make them virtuous from reason ; make them feel, that the empire of their sex, with all its advantages, depends not only on their own good conduct, and good morals, but likewise on that of men ; that they have little power over mean and depraved souls, who will serve their mistress in the same man-

mer as they serve virtue. Be assured, that by describing the manners of the present age, you will inspire them with a sincere contempt of them; by shewing them people of fashion, you will make them despise them; you will fill them with disgust at their maxims, aversion at their sentiments, and contempt for their vain gallantries: you will inspire them with a nobler ambition, that of reigning over great and magnanimous hearts; with the ambition of the Spartan women, which was, to command men.

Women incessantly cry, that we bring them up to nothing but vanity and coquetry; that we incessantly amuse them with childish things, in order to remain more easily their masters: they reproach us with being the cause of those faults with which we tax them. What an absurdity this is! How long have men interfered with the education of girls? Who prevents their mothers from bringing them up as they think proper? They have no colleges; what a misfortune! Ah! would to God there were none for boys! They would be more judiciously and more virtuously educated! Do we oblige your daughters to lose their time in folly and nonsense? Do we make them, against their inclination, after your example, pass their time at their toilet? Do we prevent you from instructing them, or having them instructed as you please? Is it our fault, if they please us when they are handsome;

if their affectation captivates us; if the art they learn from you attracts and flatters us; if we love to see them dressed with taste; if we suffer them to sharpen at leisure the weapons with which they subdue us? Bring them up like men; they will consent to this with all their hearts; the more they will want to be like them, the less will they govern them; and it is then that they will be truly the masters.

By depriving women of the amusements of singing and dancing, and all other pleasures, we make them inelegant and awkward, scolds, and very disagreeable to live with. For my part, I should wish a young Englishwoman to cultivate every agreeable accomplishment to please her husband, with as much assiduity as a young Albanese cultivates them for the seraglio at Ispahan. It is said, that husbands are not very anxious that their wives should possess those talents: I readily believe it; when these talents, far from being employed to please them, serve only as a bait to draw to their houses a set of dissipated young men, to dishonour them. But do you think, that a discreet and amiable woman, adorned with these talents, and who was to employ them for the amusement of her husband, would not contribute to the happiness of his life, and prevent him, when he left his study, quite fatigued and spent, from going to seek amusement from home? Has nobody ever seen any happy families thus united,

ed, where every member of it contributed something towards the amusement of the whole? I let them say, whether the confidence and familiarity which reigns in such a society, if the innocence and the mild pleasures which are tasted in it, do not amply repay the loss of the most brilliant and noisy public amusements.

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## CONJUGAL SOCIETY.

THE social relation of the sexes is admirable. From this society results a moral being, of which the woman is the eye, and the man the arm, but with such a dependance on one another, that it is from the man that the woman learns what she must see; and from the woman that the man learns what he must do. If the woman was as capable as the man of tracing causes, and the man possessed as well as her the talent of entering into minute details, always independent of each other, they would live in continual discord, and their society would not subsist. But in the harmony which reigns between them, every thing tends to the common end, and none of them knows which contributes the most; each follows the impulse of the other; they both obey, and they are both masters.

The empire of a woman, is an empire of mildness, address, and complaisance; her orders are caresses, her menaces tears. She ought to reign in her house like a Minister of State, by making herself commanded to do what she wishes. In this respect, it is certain that the best conducted families are those where the woman is possessed of the most authority.

authority. But, when she does not listen to the voice of her lord and master; when she usurps the right of commanding herself, there never results any thing from this disorder, but misery, scandal, and dishonour.

I am acquainted with only two classes in each sex that are really and essentially distinguished from one another; one of people who reflect; the other of people who do not reflect; and this difference proceeds almost solely from education. A man of the first of these classes ought never to form an alliance with a woman of the last: for he loses the greatest charm of society, when his wife can bear no part in his reflections. Those people who pass their whole life in working for their maintenance, have no other ideas than those of their labour, or interest, and all their sense seems to lie in their fingers ends. This ignorance is neither hurtful to probity nor morals; it is often conducive to both.

We are often, by means of reflection, led to compound with our duty, and we conclude, by substituting a jargon of words in the room of things. Conscience is the most enlightened of all philosophers: there is no need to study Cicero's book of offices to be a just man; and perhaps the most virtuous of all women, is the most ignorant of the definition of virtue. But, it is not less true, that a cultivated mind alone renders the intercourse

intercourse of man and wife agreeable; and it is a melancholy thing for a father of a family, who loves his home, to be obliged to live in it by himself, and to find nobody who can understand him.

Besides, how will a woman, who is not in the habit of reflecting, bring up her children? How will she discern what is right? How will she instil into them those virtues with which she is unacquainted, or of the merit of which she has no idea? She will only know how to flatter, or menace them, and make them either insolent, or cowardly: she will either make them affected monkies, or thoughtless blockheads; never sensible or amiable children.

It is not right, therefore, for a man of education, to marry a woman of no education, and consequently one of a rank, in which it is impossible that a woman of education should be found.

But I should prefer a thousand times a simple and unpolished girl, to a learned and witty lady, who would come and establish in my house a literary tribunal, of which she would make herself the president. A learned wife is the scourge of her husband, her children, her friends, her servants, and of all the world. The sublime elevation of her great genius, makes her disdain all the duties of a woman, and she begins always by making herself, like *Mademoiselle de L'Enclos*, a man.

Abroad,

Abroad, they are always ridiculous, and very justly criticised, because people cannot fail of being so, the moment they quit their own sphere, and without being qualified for that which they want to assume. There is none of those women of great genius that ever impose on any body but fools. We always know who is the artist, or the friend, that guides the pencil or the pen, when they work.— We know who is the discreet man of letters, who dictates to them in secret their oracles. All this deceit is unworthy a good woman: if she even possessed any real talents, her assuming merit would degrade them. Her dignity consists in being unknown; her greatest glory lies in the esteem of her husband; her pleasures should all be centered in the happiness of her family.

Great beauty appears to me more to be avoided than sought for in marriage. Beauty soon palls by possession; at the end of six weeks, it is of no value to the possessors; but its dangers last as long as itself. Unless a beautiful woman is an angel, her husband is the most miserable of all men; and if she were an angel, would it prevent her from being continually surrounded with enemies? If extreme ugliness were not disgusting I should prefer it to extreme beauty; for, in a little time, either growing indifferent to the husband, beauty becomes an inconvenience, and ugliness an advantage: but that species of ugliness which produces distaste, is the greatest

greatest of all misfortunes: this sentiment, far from wearing off, continually increases, and turns to hatred. Such a marriage is hell; it would be far better to be dead, than thus united.

A medium is desirable in every thing, beauty not excepted. An agreeable person, that prepossesses us in its favour, which does not inspire love, but esteem, is what we ought to prefer; it does not prejudice the husband, and it is of advantage to both. The graces do not fade like beauty; they have life, and are continually renewed; and, thirty years after marriage, a virtuous and elegant woman pleases her husband as much as the first day.

Disparity of fortune and rank, is obliterated and confounded in marriage, and contributes nothing to happiness; but temper and disposition remain, and it is through them that we are either happy or unhappy. The child who has no rule but love, chooses ill; the father who has no rule but opinion, chooses still worse.

Can we live when married, as if single? Do not both equally partake of whatever blessings, or misfortunes happens to them; and do not the vexations they inflict on each other, always fall upon the party who causes them?

The receipt against indifference, after marriage, is simple and easy; it is only to continue to be lovers when husband and wife. The knot which we endeavour to tie too close, breaks; this is what happens

happens to that of marriage, when we want to give it more strength than it ought to have.

The fidelity which it requires of both, is the most sacred of all rights ; but the power it gives to each over the other, is superfluous. Constraint and love agree ill together, and pleasure is not to be commanded. It is not so much possession which cloy, as subjection. If you wish to be always the lover of your wife, let her be always your mistress and her own. Be a happy but a respectful lover ; obtain every thing from love, without requiring any thing from duty ; and let the smallest favours be considered not as right, but as indulgence : remember always, that even in marriage, pleasure is only legitimate when desire is mutual.

Love is not always necessary to make a happy marriage. Honour, virtue, and a certain suitableness, not so much of rank and age, as of disposition and temper, is sufficient between man and wife. This does not prevent a very tender attachment resulting from this union, which, although it may not be stiled real love, is not less agreeable, and is more durable. Love is accompanied with a continual uneasiness of jealousy or privation, ill suited to marriage, which is a state of enjoyment and peace. People do not marry to think solely of one another, but to fulfil, conjointly, the duties of society ; to govern their house with prudence, and to bring up their children properly. Lovers never

See any body but themselves; they are incessantly occupied with one another; and the only thing they know how to do, is to love one another. This is not sufficient for man and wife, who have so many other duties to fulfil.

Is there in the world a more affecting or respectable sight, than that of a mother of a family, surrounded by her children, regulating her domestic affairs, procuring to her husband a happy life, and governing her house with discretion? It is there that she shews herself in all the dignity of a virtuous woman; it is there that she really inspires respect, and that beauty honourably shares the homage paid to virtue. A house, when the mistress of it is out, is a body without a soul, which soon falls into corruption: a woman, out of her house, loses her greatest lustre, and when stript of her real ornaments, she shews herself with indecency.

It is not only the interest of husbands, but the common interest of all men, that the purity of marriage should be preserved inviolate. Every time that two lovers are united by solemn vows, a tacit engagement takes place among all men, to respect this sacred tie, to honour in them the conjugal faith; and this appears to me a very strong reason against clandestine marriages, which, bearing no marks of this union, expose innocent hearts to the danger of feeling an adulterous flame. The public are in some measure answerable for an agree-  
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ment made in their presence, and we may say that the honour of a virtuous woman is under the special protection of all good people. Therefore, whoever dares to corrupt her, sins first of all, because he makes her sin, and because one always shares in the crimes of which he is the cause: he sins likewise directly himself, because he violates the public and sacred faith of marriage, without which, nothing can subsist in the legitimate order of human affairs.

A virtuous woman should not only merit the love of her husband, but obtain it: if he blames her, she is blameable; and were she innocent, she is culpable the moment she is suspected; for even appearance is among the number of her duties.

Why should women live retired and separated from men? Shall we be so ungenerous towards the sex, as to suppose that it is from motives drawn from their weakness, and to avoid the danger of temptations? No, these unworthy fears do not belong to a virtuous woman, and a mother of a family, continually surrounded with objects which nourish in her sentiments of honour, and engaged in the most respectable duties of nature. What separates them from men, is nature itself, which prescribes to them different occupations; it is that amiable and timid modesty which, without really thinking of chastity, is the surest guardian of it; it is that attentive and seducing reserve, which

creates at once, in the hearts of men, both desire and respect, and serves, so to speak, at once for coquetry and virtue. This is why husbands themselves are not exempt from this rule. This is the reason why the most modest women preserve in general the greatest ascendancy over their husbands, because when assisted by this wise and discreet reserve, equally distant from caprice and from refusals, they know how, even in the bosom of the tenderest union, to keep them at a proper distance, and prevent them from ever being cloyed with them.

Whatever precautions we may take, possession destroys pleasures, and love sooner than any of another kind. But, when love has lasted a great while, a pleasing habit fills up the void, and the pleasures of mutual confidence succeed to the transports of passion. Children form between those who have given them their existence, an union not less agreeable, and often much stronger than that of love.

From several reasons drawn from the nature of the thing, the father ought to command in his family. First of all, authority should not be equal between the father and mother. No; it is necessary that the government should be one, and that amidst different opinions, there should be one preponderating voice, that may decide. However slight we may suppose the infirmities peculiar to  
 women,

women, as they always cause an interval of inaction, this is a sufficient reason to exclude them from this pre-eminence : for when the scale is exactly even, a straw is sufficient to turn it. And further, the husband ought to inspect the conduct of his wife, because it is necessary for him to be certain that the children that he is obliged to acknowledge and to feed, do not belong to any body but him. The wife having nothing similar to fear, has not the same right over the husband. 3dly, The children should obey the father, first, from necessity, and next from gratitude: after having all their wants supplied by him, during half their lives, they ought to sacrifice the other to provide for his. 4thly, With regard to servants, they owe their services in exchange for their maintenance, with this proviso, that they may break the bargain, so soon as it ceases to suit them.

## Duty of Mothers.

THE duty incumbent on women of suckling their own children, is not to be doubted; but it is a matter of dispute, whether in the contempt in which they hold it, it is the same for the child to be fed with their milk or with that of another? I take this question, of which physicians are the judges, to be decided according to the wishes of the ladies; and, for my part, I should certainly think, that it is better for a child to suck the milk of a healthy nurse, than of an unhealthy mother, if there were any additional harm to be apprehended from the blood of which he is formed.

But should the question only be debated on the side of what regards his constitution; and has a child less need of the care of his mother, than of her breast? Other women, nay even mere animals, may supply it with the milk she withholds; but maternal tenderness is not to be supplied. She who suckles the child of another, instead of her own, is a bad mother. How, therefore, can she be a good nurse? She may become so, but it will be slowly; habit must first of all change nature; and the child,

ill taken care of, may be an hundred times exposed to death, before his nurse will feel for him the tenderness of a mother.

From the advantage of having an infant suckled by an healthful but strange nurse, there will result a disadvantage, which alone ought to prevent every woman of feeling from having the hardness to commit her child to another woman: I mean that of sharing the rights of a mother, or rather of superseding it; to see her child love another woman, as much and more than herself; to feel that the tenderness it preserves towards her is a favour, and that the affection which it possesses for its adopted mother is a duty; for where I have found the cares of a mother, do I not owe the attachment of a son?

The manner which people take to remedy this inconvenience, is, to inspire children with contempt for their nurses, by treating them like mere servants. When their service is at an end, the child is taken from them, or the nurse is discharged: by always receiving her ill, they disgust her from coming to see her foster-child. At the end of a few years, he never sees nor knows her. The mother, who expects to substitute herself in her place, and repair her negligence by cruelty, is mistaken. Instead of making an affectionate son of an unnatural foster child, she exercises him in ingratitude; she teaches him to despise, one day or other, her who

gave him life, as he does her who fed him with her milk.

No mother, no child. The duties of both are reciprocal; and, if they are neglected on one side, they will not be properly fulfilled on the other. A child ought to love its mother, before it knows that it ought. If the voice of nature and blood is not fortified by habit and tenderness, it is extinguished in the first years, and the heart dies, so to speak, before it is well born. We are, from the first step, out of nature.

Nature is also abandoned, though by an opposite road, when, instead of neglecting the duties of a mother, a woman carries them to extremes; when she makes an idol of her child; when she increases and feeds its weakness, to prevent it from feeling it, and, hoping to withdraw him from the laws of nature, carefully endeavours to avert from him every painful incident, without reflecting how many future accidents and perils she accumulates on his head, for a few inconveniences, from which she preserves him for a moment! And how barbarous a precaution it is, to extend the weakness of childhood to the fatigues of mature years. Thetis, so says the fable, to render her son invulnerable, plunged him into the Styx. This allegory is beautiful and clear. The cruel mothers, of whom I am speaking, act differently; by continually plunging their children in effeminacy, they prepare them  
to

to suffer; they open their pores to all kind of evils, of which they will not fail to be the prey when they are grown up.

It is on the duty of mothers to suckle their children, that all moral order depends. If you want to bring every human creature in the different relations of life, to a just sense, and to the practice of duty, begin with mothers: you will be surprised at the alteration which you will produce. Every thing arises successively from this first corruption: all moral order is altered; nature is extinguished in every heart; the interior of families, assumes a less lively appearance; the affecting sight of a growing family no longer attaches husbands, nor imposes any respect on strangers. The mother is less respected, whose children are not seen: there is no longer any residence in families; habit no longer strengthens the ties of blood; there is no longer any fathers, or mothers, or children, or brothers, or sisters; they hardly know one another: how, then, should they love one another? Each thinks only of himself. When home is nothing but a dismal solitude, we must go and seek amusement abroad.

But if mothers would only deign to suckle their children, manners would reform of themselves; the feelings of nature would awaken in every heart; the State would again be peopled: this first point, this point alone would set all right. The pleasures

of domestic life are the best antidote to bad morals. The noise of children, which is thought importunate, becomes agreeable; it renders the father and mother more necessary, and more dear to one another; it strengthens the conjugal knot. When a family is lively and animated, domestic cares are the dearest occupation of the wife, and the most agreeable amusement of the husband. Therefore, if this single abuse were corrected, there would soon result a general reformation; nature would soon re-assume all her rights. Let women once again become mothers, men will soon become fathers and husbands.

## Duty of Fathers.

AS the mother is the natural nurse of her child, so is the father the natural preceptor. Let them agree in the order of their functions, as well as in their system: from the hands of one, let the child pass into the hands of the other. He will be better educated, by a judicious father, though not of a very enlarged understanding, than by the most skilful master in the world: for zeal will supply the place of talents much better than talents will that of zeal.

A father, when he procreates and feeds children, only performs half his task. He owes men to his species; he owes sociable men to society; he owes citizens to the State. Every man who can pay this triple debt, and does not, is culpable; and more culpable, perhaps still, when he pays it only by halves. He who cannot fulfil the duty of a father, has no right to become one. Neither poverty, nor labour, nor the respect of mankind, can free him from the obligation of feeding his children, and educating them himself. Readers, you may believe me; I foretel to whatever person has any feeling, and neglects such sacred duties,

that he will shed many bitter tears for his fault, but will never be consoled.

But what is that rich man about, that father of a family, so full of business, that he is obliged, he says, to neglect his children? He pays another man, to fulfil those cares which are to himself a burden.

Venal soul! dost thou think thou canst give, with all thy money, another father to thy son? Do not deceive thyself; it is not even a master that thou givest him, it is a valet.

A father, who felt the real worth of a good master, would come to the resolution of doing without him; for he would have more trouble to find him, than to become so himself. Does he wish to make himself a friend? Let him bring up his son to be one? He will then be dispensed from seeking him elsewhere, and nature will have already gone half way towards it.

## E D U C A T I O N.

**W**E are born feeble—we want strength: we are born divested of every thing; we want understanding. Every thing which we do not possess at our birth, and which we stand in need of, when grown up, we receive from education.

This education is derived from nature, or men, or things. The unfolding of our internal faculties and organs, is the education of nature. The use we learn to make of these faculties, is the education of men; and the experience that we acquire of the objects which affect us, is the education of things.

We are, every one of us, therefore, formed by three masters. The pupil in whom their different lessons are at variance, is ill brought up, and will never be in harmony with himself: he in whom they all fall on the same points, and tend to the same ends, alone goes to his end, and goes right. He alone is well educated.

The education of most consequence, is that which is received in infancy; and this first education belongs incontestably to the women. If the author of nature had intended that it should belong to men, he wou'd have given them milk to suckle their chil-

dren. Always address women in preference to men, therefore, in your treatises on education; for, besides that they have an opportunity of looking more narrowly into it than men, and that they have a greater influence, the success of it interests them much more, since almost all widows are left to the mercy of their children, and that they then make them smartly feel the good or bad effects of the principles they have instilled into them. The laws, always so much taken up with fortunes, and so little with persons, because their only object is peace, not virtue, do not invest mothers with sufficient authority. Notwithstanding this, their situation is more stable than that of fathers; their duties are more laborious; their cares contribute more to the good order of their family; and they have in general more attachment for their children.— There are some cases, in which, if a son should be wanting in respect to his father, he might in some measure be excusable; but if, on any occasion whatever, a child should be unnatural enough to forget his duty towards his mother, to her who carried him in her womb, who fed him with her milk; who, for years, forgot herself to think on him alone; we should hasten to stifle this wretch, as a monster unworthy of seeing the light.

He who knows best how to support the blessings and the calamities of this life, is the best educated: from whence it follows, that true education

cation consists less in precepts, than in practice.

If men grew to the soil of a country ; if the same season lasted all the year ; if the fortune of every individual was so disposed, as never to change, the present system of education would, in certain respects, be good. The child educated in his own station, and never quitting it, could not be exposed to the inconveniences of another.

But, considering the mutability of human affairs ; considering the restless and uneasy spirit of the present century, which oversets every thing in the course of a single generation, can we conceive a more ridiculous method of educating a child, than as if he was never to go out of his room, as if he was never to be surrounded with any other than his own people ? If this unhappy being takes one step on the earth, if he descends one degree, he is lost. This is not teaching him to support pain, it is making him more sensible of it.

Always remember, that the spirit of a good institution is, not to teach children a great number of things, but never to suffer them to adopt any other than just and clear ideas.

The most essential part of the education of a child, but which is never thought of even in the best and most careful educations, is, to make him feel fully his weakness, his wretchedness, his dependence, the heavy yoke of necessity which na-

ture imposes on man ; and this, not only that he may be sensible of what is done to lighten that yoke, but, chiefly, that he may early be acquainted with the situation in which Providence has placed him ; that he may not elevate himself above his strength, and that nothing human may appear strange to him.

Consign the education of man to man, and not to what does not belong to him. Do you not perceive, that by endeavouring to form him exclusively for one situation, you render him totally useless for any other ; and if it pleases fortune, you have only laboured to make him miserable.

Throw all the lessons of young people into action, rather than into discourse. Let them learn nothing from books, which experience might teach them.

The pedant and the preceptor say nearly the same things : but the first says them on all occasions ; the second only says them, when he is sure of their effect.

## C H I L D R E N.

**I**N the beginning of life, while imagination and memory are still inactive, the child is only attentive to what actually affects his senses. His sensations being the first materials of his knowledge, to present them in a proper order, is preparing his memory to furnish them, one day or other, in the same order to his understanding : but as he is attentive only to his sensations, it is sufficient at first to shew him very distinctly the connection of these same sensations with the objects which cause them. He wants to touch and handle every thing : do not oppose this inclination ; it suggests to him a very useful and necessary apprenticeship : it is thus that he learns to feel heat and cold, hard and soft, heavy or light bodies ; to judge of their size, their form, and every sensible quality, by looking, feeling, and listening, and particularly by comparing the sight to the touch, and judging, by the eye, of the sensation which would be excited by touching an object with his fingers.

It is only by motion that we learn that there are  
other

other bodies besides ours, and it is only by moving ourselves, that we acquire the idea of distance. It is because a child has not this idea, that he extends his hand indifferently to reach the object that touches, or that which is at some distance from him. This effort which he makes, appears to you a sign of power, an order which he gives the object to come near, or to you to bring it to him. Not at all ; it is only the same objects which he saw first in his brain, then in his eyes, and which he feels at length by his hand ; and he does not conceive any extent, but what he can reach. Be careful, therefore, to take him often out, to move him from one place to another, in order to make him feel the change of places, and to teach him to judge of distances. When he begins to be conscious of these, you must change your method, and only carry him where you please : for, when he is no longer deceived by his senses, the efforts he makes change with their cause.

The uneasiness caused by any wants, is expressed by signs, when the assistance of others is necessary to supply it. From this proceeds the cries of children. They cry a great deal : this is well ordered, because all their sensations are real : when they are agreeable, they enjoy them in silence ; when they are disagreeable, they say so in their language, and ask for relief. Therefore, so long as they are awake, they can hardly remain in a state of indifference.

ference. They are either asleep, or under the influence of some affection.

All our languages are the work of art. It has long been a matter of inquiry, whether there was a natural language common to all men: undoubtedly there is one; and it is that which children speak, before they are taught to speak. This language is not articulate; but it has an accent, it is sonorous, and intelligible. The use of our articulate languages has made us neglect this, till we have quite forgot it. Let us study children, and we shall soon learn it again. Nurses are our masters in this language: they understand all that their children say; they answer them; they keep up a connected conversation with them; and, although they pronounce words, these words are perfectly useless: it is not the sense of the word which they understand, but the accent which accompanies it.

To the language of the voice, is joined that of action, not less energetic. This action is not expressed by the feeble hands of the children, but in their faces. It is astonishing, how much expression these ill-formed physiognomies already possess: their features change from one moment to another, with inconceivable rapidity. You see smiles, desire, fear, succeed each other like lightning; you every time think you see another face. The muscles of their face are certainly more supple than our's; but, in revenge, their dim eyes have no expression.

pression. Such, precisely, is the sort of signs which is proper to an age, when they have only corporal wants: sensations are expressed by grimaces, and sentiments by looks.

Children's first tears are prayers; if we do not take care, they soon become orders. They begin by craving assistance, they end with commanding it. Thus, from their own weakness, from whence they at first derive the sentiment of their dependence; they afterwards acquire the idea of power and dominion: but this idea being less excited by their wants than by our services, here we may begin to perceive the moral effects, the direct cause of which is not to be found in nature: and we perceive how necessary it is from this early period to discover the secret motive of their actions, or their cries.

When a child makes an effort, and extends his hand, he thinks he shall attain the object, because he does not estimate its distance: he is in an error; but, when he cries at the same time that he extends his hand, he is then no longer deceived with respect to the distance; he commands the object to approach, or you to bring it to him. In the first case, carry him to the object slowly, and by degrees; in the second, do not even seem to hear him: the more he cries, the less you ought to attend to him. It is very essential to teach him sometimes, neither to command men, because he is not  
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their master ; not things, because they do not hear him. Therefore, when a child desires something that he sees, and that you choose to give him, it is better to carry the child to the object, whatever it is, than to carry it to the child : he draws from this practice a conclusion suited to his age, and there is no other method of suggesting it to him.

A child wants to misplace every thing which he sees ; he breaks every thing that he can reach ; he squeezes a bird as he would squeeze a stone, and smothers it, without knowing what he is doing.— Why does he do so ? Philosophy will account for it from the vices natural to man, such as pride, the spirit of ruling, self-love, and the wickedness of man ; the sentiment of its weakness, it may add, renders the child anxious to do some act of strength, and to prove to himself his power. But, behold an infirm, and broken down old man, brought back by the circle of human life to the weakness of childhood ; he not only remains quite still and immovable, he wants every thing around him to do the same ; the least change disturbs him, and makes him uneasy ; he would wish to see an universal calm.— How could the same impotence, joined by the same passions, produce such different effects in these two ages, if the primitive cause was not changed ? And where can we find that variety of causes, if not in the physical state of both individuals ? The active power, common to both, is expanding in one, and  
dying

dying in the other : one begins to form, the other to perish ; one is entering into life, the other receding from it. The declining power of activity is concentrated in the heart of the old man ; in that of the child it is superabundant, and strikes outward. He feels, so to speak, life enough to animate every thing which surrounds him. Whether he does, or undoes, it is all the same ; it is sufficient that he changes the state of things, and every change is an action. If he seems to have a greater inclination to destroy than to make any thing, it is not from mischievousness ; it is because the action which forms any thing is always tedious ; and because that which destroys, being more rapid, is more suitable to his vivacity. At the same time that the author of nature endows children with this active principle, he takes care that it shall not be very inconvenient, by giving them little strength to exercise it. But as soon as they are capable of considering those around them, as instruments that it is in their power to employ, they make use of them to follow their inclinations, and to make up for their own want of strength. Thus it is that they become disagreeable, tyrants, imperious, ill disposed, and unruly ; a progress which does not proceed from a natural inclination to command, but which gives it them ; for we need not long experience, to feel how agreeable it is to act through others, and by only moving our tongue, to set the whole universe in motion.

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As we grow up, we acquire strength, we become less restless; we confine ourselves more within ourselves. The soul and the body put themselves, in a manner, in equilibrium, and nature requires no other activity than what is necessary for our preservation. But the desire of commanding is not extinguished with the necessity which gave it birth: power awakens and flatters self-love, and custom fortifies it: thus fancy succeeds necessity; thus opinion and prejudice take their first root.

The principle once known, we easily discern the point where we quit the path of nature: let us see what we must do to keep ourselves in it.

Far from having any superfluous strength, children have not even sufficient for all the calls of nature; we must therefore leave them the use of all those which nature gives them, and of which they cannot make an abuse. First maxim.

We must assist them, and supply all their wants; whether in understanding, or in strength, in every physical want. Second maxim.

We must confine ourselves in the assistance which we give them, to what is really useful alone, without ever granting any thing to whim, or unreasonable desires. For caprice will not torment them, if we do not encourage its growth, as it is not given by nature. Third maxim.

We must carefully study their language and their actions, that we may distinguish in their desires,  
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at an age when they are unacquainted with dissimulation, what proceeds immediately from nature, and what proceeds from opinion. Fourth maxim.

The true spirit of these rules, is, to allow to children more real liberty and less power; to let them do more of themselves, and to exact less from others. Thus, by accustoming themselves early to confine their desires to their strength, they will not be greatly affected with the privation of what is not in their power.

The child, who is acquainted with none but physical wants, only cries when he suffers, and this is a great advantage; because we know by that the very moment that he stands in need of assistance, and we ought not to lose a moment in giving it him, if possible. But, if you cannot relieve him, remain quiet, without coaxing, in order to appease him: your caresses will not cure his belly-ach; but he will remember what he must do to be caressed; and if he once knows how to engross your attention when he pleases, he then becomes your master, and all is lost.

Long fits of crying in a child, who is neither sick nor confined, and who wants for nothing, proceed from custom, and obstinacy: they are not the work of nature, but of his nurse, who, not being able to suffer the importunity of his cries, makes them more frequent, without thinking, that in order

to silence a child to-day, we excite him to cry a great deal more to-morrow.

The only method of curing or preventing this habit, is to pay no attention to it. None like to give themselves useless trouble: not even children. They are obstinate in what they attempt; but if you possess more steadiness, than they do stubbornness, they are disgusted, and leave it off. It is thus that we spare their tears, and that we accustom them never to shed any, but when pain forces them to it.

However, when they cry from whim, or obstinacy, a sure method to prevent them from continuing so to do, is, to take off their attention with some agreeable or striking object, which may make them forget that they wanted to cry.

Most nurses excel in this art, and when properly managed, it is very useful: but it is of the greatest consequence that the child should not perceive our intention of diverting him, and that he should amuse himself, without knowing that we so much as think of him: but in this point nurses are very unskilful.

When children begin to speak, they cry less.— This progress is natural, one language is substituted for another: so soon as he can make known when he suffers by words, why should he do it by cries, unless it be when pain is too acute for words to express it?

It is very strange, that since the education of children has been attempted, there has never been

any thing thought of to lead them, but emulation, jealousy, envy, vanity, eagerness, base fear, and all the most dangerous passions, the easiest to ferment, and the most fitted to corrupt the heart, even before the body is formed.

Every time that people want to instil any early instruction into them, they plant at the same time a vice in the bottom of their heart. Some foolish preceptors think they do wonders, in making them wicked, in order to teach them what is goodness; and then they say to us gravely, Such is man.—Yes, such is the man that thou hast made.

Every thing has been tried, excepting one: the only one which is likely to succeed, freedom, well regulated. We must not interfere with the education of a child, when we do not know how to conduct him as we please, by the laws alone of possibility and impossibility. The limits of both are equally unknown to him; we extend or contract them around him just as we please. We restrain or push him on by the simple law of necessity, without his ever grumbling: we render him complying and docile by the necessity of things, without giving any vice an opportunity of growing in him; for the passions never kindle, so long as they are of no effect.

The first impulse natural to man, being to compare himself with every thing that surrounds him, and to discover, in every object that he sees, all the

sensible qualities which may have any relation to him, his first study is a sort of experimental, natural philosophy, relative to his own preservation, and from which he is diverted, by speculative studies, before he has discovered his place here below. While his delicate and flexible organs may adjust themselves to the bodies upon which they are to act; while his senses, still uncorrupted, are exempt from illusions; then is the time for exercising the one and the other, to the functions for which they are fitted; then is the time to learn the sensible relations which other things have with us. As every thing which enters into the human understanding, enters by our senses, the first understanding of man is a sensitive understanding: it serves as a basis to the intellectual understanding: our first masters in philosophy are our feet, our hands, our eyes. To substitute books to all this, is not teaching us to reason: it is teaching us to make use of the understanding of others; it is teaching us to be very credulous, and never to know any thing.

The most brilliant thoughts may enter into the head of a child, or rather the most elegant expressions may proceed from their mouth, as the diamonds of the greatest value may fall into their hands, without the thoughts or the diamonds belonging to them on that account. There is no real property for this age of any kind. The things which a child

Says, are not to him what they are to us ; he does not affix the same ideas or sense to them. His ideas, if it be possible that he should have any, have in his mind neither connection nor order ; there is nothing fixed or determined in any thing which he thinks. Examine your pretended prodigy : at some particular moments, you will find in him an activity and clearness of understanding which could almost penetrate the clouds. But in general, this same understanding will appear to you weak, stupid, and as if surrounded by a thick mist. Sometimes, they outstrip you, at other times they lag behind. One minute, you would say he is a great genius ; the next he is a fool. You would both times be mistaken : he is a child, a young eagle, who cuts the air one moment, and falls back the next, into the place from which he rose.

Man has three sorts of voice, namely, the speaking or clear voice ; the singing or melodious voice ; and the pathetic voice or emphasis, which serves as a language to the passions, and which animates both singing and conversation. A child possesses these three sorts of voice, as well as man, without knowing how to apply or combine them as he does : he laughs, he cries, he complains, he sighs ; but he knows not how to introduce the modulation of them into the two other voices. Perfect melody is that which unites in the most perfect manner those three voices.

voices. Children are incapable of this melody, and their singing has never any soul. No more, when they speak, has their language any emphasis: they cry, but they have no accent; and as they have little energy in their discourses, they have little expression in their voice.

Giddy, thoughtless children, turn out men of limited understandings: I know no observation more general, or more certain, than this. Nothing is more difficult to distinguish in infancy, than real stupidity, from that apparent and deceitful stupidity, which indicates a great genius. It appears rather strange, that the two extremes should have such a similar appearance, and yet this is natural; for in an age in which a man has not yet any real ideas, the only difference which appears between him who has any genius, and him who has none, is, that the latter never admits any thing but false ideas, and that the first, finding them all false, admits none. He resembles, therefore, the fool so far, that one is capable of nothing, and that the other finds nothing right. The only mark, therefore, by which they can be distinguished, depends upon chance, which may present some idea to the latter, suited to his capacity, whereas the former is always the same. The younger Cato, during his infancy, appeared to be a fool at home: he was close and opiniated; this was the only judgement that people

formed of him. It was in the anti-chamber of Sylla, that his uncle learnt to know him. If he had not gone into this antichamber, he would perhaps have passed for a brute till the age of reason : if Cæsar had not existed, this same Cato, who penetrated his fatal genius, and foresaw all his projects so long before they were put into execution, would perhaps have been accounted a visionary. Oh ! how easy it is for those people to be deceived, who judge of children too precipitately ! They are often more children than them.

The apparent facility of learning, is what ruins children. We do not perceive that even this facility is a proof that they learn nothing. Their smooth and polished brain reflects, like a looking-glass, the objects we present to it ; but nothing remains, nothing penetrates. The child retains words ; the ideas are thrown back ; those who listen to him understands them, he alone does not.

More acute observations than we are aware of are necessary, to discover the real genius or taste of a child, who shews his desires much more than his dispositions ; and we always judge by the first, for want of knowing how to study the others. I wish some judicious person would write a treatise on the art of observing children. This art would be of great importance : neither fathers nor masters yet possess the elements of it.

At twelve or thirteen, the powers of the child unfold themselves much more rapidly than his wants. Little sensible to the injuries of the air, and the seasons, his natural heat serves him for cloathing; his appetite serves him for sauce; every thing that possesses nourishment is good at his age; if he is inclined to sleep, he extends himself on the ground, and sleeps; he sees himself every where surrounded with every thing of which he stands in need. No imaginary want torments him; opinion has no influence over him; his desires do not extend beyond their natural bounds: he is not only sufficient for himself, but he has more strength than he wants; this is the only period of his life that this will be the case.

What will he do then, with this superfluity of strength and faculties, which he has at present, and which he will want at another age? He will endeavour to employ it in such things as will be of use to him when he stands in need of it. He will sling, so to speak, into the future, the superfluity of his present existence: the robust youth will make provisions for the feeble old man; but he will neither place his stores in coffers, which may be stole from him, nor in strange warehouses: in order effectually to secure his acquisitions, he will lodge them in his arms, in his head. This, therefore, is the time for labour, instructions, and study.

The point in hand is not that of teaching children the sciences, but to give them a taste for them, and to shew them the method to learn them, when their taste shall become more perfect.

YOUTH.

## Y O U T H.

**W**E are born, so to speak, twice : one time to exist, and the next to live ; once for the species, and once for the sex. Those who look upon woman as an imperfect man, are certainly wrong, though exterior analogy be on their side. Till the age of marriage, children of both sexes have nothing particular to distinguish them : the same face, the same stature, the same complexion, the same voice, every thing is alike ; girls are children, the same name serves for beings so much alike. The males, in whom you prevent the farther development of the sex, preserve this conformity all their lives ; they are always great children ; and women not losing this same conformity, appear, in many things, never to be any thing else.

But man, in general, is not made to remain always in infancy. He quits it at the time prescribed by nature, and this critical moment, though short, has long consequences.

As the roaring of the sea precedes for a long time the tempest, this stormy revolution announces itself by the murmuring of the growing passions ; a

hollow fermentation warns us of the approaching danger. A change of humour, frequent fits of passion, a continual agitation of mind, renders the child almost ungovernable. He becomes deaf to the voice which rendered him docile ; he is a lion when in this fever : he forgets his guide, he will no longer be governed. To the moral signs of an altering humour, are added some very visible changes in his person. His physiognomy is expanded, and becomes expressive ; the soft down which sprung on his chin, grows brown, and acquires strength. His voice alters, or rather he loses it : he is neither child nor man, nor can he assume the voice of either. His eyes, those organs of the soul, which, till now, have been mute, find a language and expression ; a growing fire animates them ; their looks, which become more lively, still retain a sacred innocence, but no longer their first imbecility ; he feels that they can say too much ; he begins to know how to cast them down and to blush ; he begins to feel, before he knows what he feels ; he is uneasy, without any reason of being so. All this may happen by degrees, and still leave time : but if his vivacity renders him too impatient ; if his passion changes into fury ; if he is irritated or affected from one moment to the other ; if he sheds tears without any cause ; if, when near objects which begin to become dangerous to him, his pulse begins to beat, his eyes to sparkle ;  
if

if the hand of a woman touching his, makes him shudder; if he is agitated or confused by her.—Ulysses! Oh, wise Ulysses! take care of thyself! the winds which thou wast so careful to confine, are let loose; no longer quit the rudder, or all is lost.

Puberty, and the power of the sex, are always more forward among polished and civilized, than among ignorant and barbarous people. Children possess a wonderful sagacity of discovering, through the veil of decency, the bad morals which it covers. The refined language which is dictated to them, the lessons of virtue which are given to them, the veil of mystery which they affect to hold before their eyes, is a strong spur to their curiosity.

The instructions of nature are always slow: those of men almost always premature. In the first case, the senses awake the imagination; in the second, the imagination awakens the senses; it gives them a premature activity, which cannot fail to enervate, and to weaken at first the individual, and even the species, in the long run.

The first sentiment of which a young man, who is carefully educated, is susceptible, is not love, but friendship. The first act of his growing imagination, teaches him that he has fellow-creatures, and the species affects him before the sex.

I have always observed, that young people, who undergo a premature corruption, and are given to

women and debauchery, are inhuman and cruel : the heat of their constitution renders them impatient, revengeful, and furious : their imagination, wholly taken up with one object, thinks of no other ; they are strangers to pity or mercy ; they would sacrifice father, mother, and the whole world to the smallest gratification. A young man, on the contrary, who is educated in a happy simplicity, is carried by the first propensities of nature to the tender and affectionate passions : his sympathising heart is affected by the sufferings of his fellow creatures ; he is happy beyond expression when he meets his companions ; his eyes know how to shed tears of affection ; he is sensible to the shame of displeasing, and the regret of offending. If the heat of enflamed blood makes him hot and passionate, we witness the next moment all the goodness of his heart, in the effusions of his repentance : he cries, he sighs, over the wound which he has made ; he would, at the price of his own blood, purchase that which he has spilt : his passion is over ; all his pride is humbled before a sense of his fury : a single word disarms him ; he forgives the wrongs of others, with as good a heart as he repairs his own. Youth is neither the age of vengeance nor hatred ; it is the age of commiseration, of clemency, and generosity. Yes, I maintain it, and I am not afraid of being contradicted by experience : a child that is not born with a very bad disposition,

disposition, and who has preserved his innocence till the age of twenty, is at that age the most generous, the best, the most affectionate, and the most amiable of men.

Introduce a young man of twenty into the world, if well conducted, he will be in a year more amiable and more judiciously polite, than he who has been brought up in it from his infancy; for the first being capable of feeling the reasons of the manners observed towards different ages, ranks, and sex, which constitute fashionable behaviour, can reduce them into maxims, and extend them to unforeseen cases; whereas the other, doing every thing by rote, is embarrassed so soon as he is put out of it. The young ladies in France are all brought up in convents till they are married. Do we perceive, that they have any difficulty to acquire the manners that are so new to them? and can we accuse the Parisian ladies with having an awkward and embarrassed air, or being ignorant of the manners of the world, because they have not been brought up in it from their infancy? This prejudice comes from people of the world, who, knowing nothing of more importance than this little science, foolishly imagine that they cannot begin too early to learn it. It is true, that we must not delay it too long. Whoever has passed all his life at a distance from the great world, retains, all the rest of his life, an embarrassed and constrained air,

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a conversation always out of season, dull and awkward manners, which a habit of living in the world does not correct, and which only becomes more ridiculous by the efforts they make to free themselves from it.

What precautions are necessary to be taken with a young man of distinction, before he is exposed to the corruption of the manners of this century ! These precautions are painful, but they are indispensable ; it is negligence on this point that ruins all our young people : it is corruption in youth that makes degenerate men ; it was this that made them what we see them to-day. Mean and low even in their vices, they have only little souls, because their worn-out bodies have been early corrupted ; they have hardly life enough left to move. Their acute observations indicate a mind possessed of no real vigour ; they know not how to feel any thing great and noble ; they have neither simplicity nor vigour. Mean in every thing, and basely wicked, they are only vain and deceitful villains : they do not even possess courage enough to become illustrious rogues.

Description and Character of EMILIUS, or  
the Pupil of J. J. ROUSSEAU, from the  
Age of Ten till Twelve Years.

**H**IS person, his carriage, his visage, announce confidence and content ; health shines on his face ; his steady steps give him an appearance of strength ; his complexion, still delicate without being insipid, has nothing of an effeminate softness ; the air and the sun have already stamped the honourable impression of his sex : the muscles of his face, though still delicate, begin to mark the features of a growing physiognomy ; his eyes, which are not yet animated by the fire of sentiment, possess, at least, all their native softness ; they are not yet dimmed by long calamities ; tears have not yet furrowed his cheeks. Behold in his activity, the vivacity of his age, the firmness of independence, the experience of continual exercise. He has an open and free countenance, though not insolent or vain ; his face, which has not been pasted to books, does not fall  
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on his stomach ; we have never any occasion to tell him to lift up his head ; neither fear nor shame ever made him hold it down.

Let us make room for him in the middle of an assembly. Examine him, gentlemen ; interrogate him boldly ; neither fear his importunities, nor his prating, nor his indiscreet questions. Do not be afraid of his taking possession of you, or that he should endeavour to engross all your attention to himself, and that you will not be able to get rid of him.

Do not expect either entertaining discourses from him, or that he will repeat what I have dictated ; expect nothing but ingenuous and simple truth, without embellishments, or vanity. He will tell you the harm he has done, or thought of as freely as the good ; without troubling himself in the least with the effect of what he has said may have on you, he will make use of words in all the simplicity of their first institution.

We love to conjecture something great of children, and we always regret the number of foolish things that upset the hopes we conceive, from some clever things they utter by chance. If mine does not often create these hopes, neither will he cause that regret ; for he never utters a useless word, and he does not exhaust himself in a prattle to which he knows that nobody listens. His ideas are limited,

ed, but clear: if he knows nothing by heart, he knows a great deal by experience. If he does not read as well as another child in our books, he reads better in that of nature; his sense is not in his tongue, but in his head; he has less memory than judgement; he can only speak one language, but he understands what he says; and if he does not speak as well as others, in revenge he acts better than they do.

He knows nothing by rote, habit, or custom: what he did yesterday, has no influence on what he does to-day; he never follows any model; he gives up nothing to authority or example, and he neither acts nor speaks, but just as it suits him.—Therefore, do not expect from him discourses that have been dictated, nor studied manners, but always the faithful expression of his ideas, and the conduct which results from his inclinations.

You will find him possessed of a small number of moral ideas, suited to his own state, but none to the relative state of men: and of what use would they be to him, since a child is not an active member of society? Talk to him of liberty, of property, even of compact: he may understand you so far; he knows why what belongs to him, does belong to him, and why what does not belong, does not belong to him. He knows nothing beyond this. Talk to him of duty and obedience, he does  
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not know what you mean ; command him to do any thing, he will not understand you : but say to him, If you were to do me such and such a favour, I should return it, when an opportunity offers ; that very moment, he will be anxious to comply with your request ; for he has nothing more at heart than to extend his empire, and to acquire over you, rights, which he knows to be inviolable ; perhaps, even, he is not sorry to hold a place, or to be one of the number of society, and to be accounted as somebody ; but if he be under the influence of this last motive, he has already quitted the state of nature, and you have not properly stopt up, beforehand, all the doors of vanity.

On his part, if he wants any assistance, he asks it indifferently of the first person he meets : he would ask it of the king as soon as of his footman ; he does not yet make any distinction of persons. You may perceive by the manner in which he asks, that he feels that nobody owes him any thing. He knows what he asks is a favour ; he knows likewise that benevolence induces people to grant favours. His expressions are short and laconic ; his voice, his looks, his manners, are those of a being equally accustomed to compliance and refusals. It is neither the cringing nor servile submission of a slave, nor the arrogant tone of a master ; it is a modest confidence in his fellow-creature ; it is the noble  
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and affecting mildness of a free, though sensible and feeble, imploring the assistance of another free being, who is strong and benevolent. If you grant him what he asks you, he will not thank you, but he will feel that he has contracted a debt. If you refuse it him, he will not complain; he knows that it would be useless. He will not say to himself, I have been refused; but he will say, It could not be: and we seldom revolt against real necessity.—Leave him free and quite to himself, and observe how he will act, without your saying any thing to him: observe what he does, and how he sets about it. Having no occasion to prove to himself that he is free, he will never do any thing from thoughtlessness, and simply to do an act of power over himself. Does he not know that he is always his own master? He is alert, light, and active; his actions have all the vivacity of his age; but you perceive none that has not some end. Whatever he wants to do, he will never undertake any thing that is above his strength; for he has sufficiently tried and is perfectly acquainted with it: his means are always adapted to his designs, and he will hardly ever act, without being assured, beforehand, of success; he will have an attentive and judicious eye; he will not go, and foolishly interrogate others upon all that he sees, but he will examine it himself, and will even undergo fatigue, to discover what he wants

to learn, before he will ask any body. If he falls into unforeseen embarrassments, he will be less confused than others ; if there is any risk, he will likewise be less alarmed. As his imagination remains still inactive, and that there has been nothing done to excite it, he sees only what is, does not exaggerate dangers, and always preserves the same indifference and presence of mind. He feels too often and too sensibly the weight of necessity, to fight against it ; he carries the yoke of it from his birth, he is therefore perfectly accustomed to it ; he is always prepared for every thing that happens.

It is the same thing to him whether he is occupied or amused ; his amusements are his occupations ; he feels no difference. He goes about every thing he does, with an earnestness that makes one laugh, and a freedom that pleases, by shewing, at once, the turn of his mind, and the extent of his knowledge. Is not the contemplation of this age charming ? To see a pretty child, his eyes sparkling and gay ; his mien placid and content ; his countenance open and smiling ; doing in play the most serious things, or seriously occupied with the most frivolous amusements ?

If you wish to form a judgement of him, by comparison, place him among other children, and let him act. You will soon discover which is the best educated, which comes the nearest to the perfection of

of his age. None among the children brought up in towns is more dextrous than him; and he is stronger than any of them: he excels country boys in strength and shrewdness. He judges and reasons better, and he foresees more than any of them in every thing that is within the capacity of children. Is the matter in hand acting, running, jumping, moving any body, lifting any weight, estimating distances, inventing plays, gaining prizes; it seems as if all nature was at his command, so well he knows how to bend every thing to his will. He is made to govern and to guide his equals; talent and experience makes up the want of right and authority. Give him what dress and name you please, it is of little consequence; he will always excel, he will become every where the commander of others; they will always feel his superiority over them.—Without wanting to command, he will be the master; they will obey, without knowing it.

He has attained the maturity of childhood: he has lived the life of a child; he has not purchased his perfection at the expence of his happiness; on the contrary, these have contributed to each other. In acquiring all the sense of his age, he has been happy and free, as far as his constitution would permit him to be so.

If the fatal scythe comes and cuts off in him the flower of all our hopes, we have not to lament at  
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the same time his life and his death: our sorrow and pain will not be sharpened by the recollection of any that we have made him experience: we shall say to ourselves, He has enjoyed his childhood at least; we have not made him lose any thing that nature bestowed on him.

Descrip-

Description and Character of the same Pupil, at a more advanced Age.—His Introduction into Life, and how he behaves.

**I**N whatever rank he may be born, in whatever society he is first introduced, his outset will be simple, and modest. God forbid that he should be unfortunate enough to shine in it: those qualities which strike at first sight are not his; these he neither possesses nor wishes to possess. He sets too little value on even the judgement of men, to set any on their prejudices; and he does not wish to be esteemed before he is known. In his behaviour, he is neither bashful nor vain, but ingenuous and sincere; he is unacquainted with restraint, or disguise, acting in the same manner in the middle of a large company, as when alone, and without a witness. Do you suppose him, on this account, to be rude, scornful, and inattentive to others? He is quite the contrary. When, if he is alone, he does not think little of the rest of mankind, why therefore should he think little of, or slight them when

in their society? He does not affect to prefer them to himself in his actions, because he does not prefer them to himself in his heart; but neither does he affect an indifference, which he is very far from possessing: he does not practise the formalities of artificial good breeding; he possesses all the politeness of humanity. He does not love to see any body suffer; he will offer his place to no one from affection; but he will give it with pleasure from goodness, if he sees him neglected, and thinks that this neglect mortifies him; for it will hurt my young man much less to remain standing of his own accord, than to see another remain so, from compulsion.

Although Emilius does not esteem men in general, he will not shew them any contempt, because he pities and feels for them. Being unable to give them a taste for what is really estimable, he leaves them to the enjoyment of their own opinions, with which they are satisfied, lest that by depriving them of their imaginary pleasures, he should render them more miserable than before. He is, therefore, neither prone to disputation, nor contradiction; but he is not over complaisant or a flatterer: he gives his opinion, without controverting that of others; because he does not covet the attention of others. From the same reason, he only says-useful things: what else should induce him to speak? Emilius possesses too much knowledge ever to be talkative.

Far

Far from being offended at the manners of others, he conforms to them freely enough; not because he wishes to appear versed in the customs of the world, nor to affect the airs of a polite man, but, on the contrary, for fear of being distinguished, and to avoid being remarked; for he is never more at his ease, than when he is not taken notice of.

Notwithstanding that he is totally unacquainted with the manners of the world, at his first entrance in it, he is not, on this account, either timid or bashful: if he does not thrust himself forward, it is not from embarrassment; it is because in order to see well, we must not be seen; for he is totally indifferent about what people think of him, and he is not in the least afraid of ridicule. For this reason, being always quiet and indifferent, he is never confused or bashful. Whether he is observed or not, whatever he does, he does it in the best manner he is able, and being always at liberty to observe the actions of others, he acquires their manners and customs, with a facility which the slaves of opinion never can command. It might be said, that he acquires the manners of the world, precisely because he sets little value on them.

Do not deceive yourself, however, with regard to the complacency of his looks, nor compare them to those of the agreeable youths of the age. He is resolute, but not self-sufficient; his manners are free, but not supercilious: insolent manners becom-

only to slaves ; freedom is a stranger to affectation.

When we love others, we want to be beloved in return : Emilius loves mankind ; he endeavours, therefore, to please. The like reason prevails still more with regard to women. His age, his morals, his hopes of finding a worthy and amiable companion, all concur to strengthen this desire. I say, his morals, for these have a great deal to do with this matter. It is men of morals who are the real admirers of women : they may not make use of that jargon of gallantry, but their affiduities are more sincere and tender. I can easily discover, in the company of a young woman, a man of good morals, who possesses self-command. from a hundred thousand debauchees.—Judge, then, what Emilius must be, with a constitution unblemished, and so many reasons to restrain it.

I believe he will sometimes be timid and embarrassed when near them ; but certainly this embarrassment will not displease them, and even the most ingenuous of them will but too often possess the art of enjoying and increasing it. However, his assiduity will insensibly change its form according to their condition. He will be more modest and respectful towards married women, more lively and tender towards those that are unmarried.

Nobody will be more particular than him in that respect and consideration, which is founded on  
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the order of nature, and even on the good order of society; but the first will always be preferred to the last, and he will respect a private individual, who is older than himself, more than a magistrate of his own age. Being therefore in general the youngest person in the companies he goes into, he will always be the most modest, and that not from the vanity of appearing humble, but from a natural sentiment founded on reason. He will not possess those impertinent pretensions to the knowledge of the world, which induce young coxcombs, in order to amuse the company, to talk louder than the philosophers, and interrupt old men; he will not authorise, for his part, the answer of an old man to Lewis the XVth, who asked him, which he preferred, the last or the present century?—*Please your Majesty, I have passed my youth in paying respect to old men, and I must now pass my old age in paying respect to children.*

Being possessed of a tender and feeling heart, but estimating nothing by the standard of common opinion, although he loves to please others, he will care very little about their paying any regard to him. From this it follows, that he will be more affectionate than polite; that he will never give himself any airs, or have any ostentation; and that he will be more affected by one expression of tenderness, than by a thousand encom-

sniums. From the same reason, he will neither be negligent of his behaviour nor his carriage; he may even, perhaps, be a little particular in his dress, not in order to appear a man of taste, but to render his person more agreeable.

As he loves men, because they are his own likeness, he will love them most who are most like himself, because he will be conscious of his own worth, and judging of the resemblance by the conformity of tastes in respect to moral objects, and in every thing that belongs to a good character, he will be very glad to be thought well of. He will not say to himself, I rejoice, because people think well of me, but I rejoice, because they approve the good I do; I rejoice that the people who honour me, do themselves an honour in so doing: so long as they judge with such propriety, their esteem will be worth cultivating.

Description and Character of SOPHIA, or  
the future Companion of EMILIUS.

SOPHIA enjoys the advantage of good birth, and of a good natural disposition: she has a very feeling heart, and this extreme sensibility often gives her a liveliness of imagination, which it is difficult to moderate. Her understanding is less sound than penetrating; her temper is easy, though unequal; her figure is not extraordinary, but agreeable: she has a face which bespeaks a soul, and which does not deceive: we may accost her with indifference, but not quit her without emotion. Others are possessed of good qualities which she wants, others possess in a greater degree those which she has: but none possess qualities more happily blended for the formation of an amiable character. She knows how to turn her very faults to advantage; even if she were more perfect, she would be less fascinating.

Sophia is not handsome; but men, when near her, forget handsome women, and handsome women are dissatisfied with themselves. She is hardly pretty

at first sight ; but the more you see her, the handsomer she seems : she gains from a trial by which so many suffer loss, and what she gains she never loses. It is possible to have finer eyes, a prettier mouth, a more commanding mien ; but it is impossible to have a more elegant symmetry of shape, a finer complexion, a whiter hand, a smaller foot, a softer or more bewitching countenance : without dazzling, she attracts, she charms, and we know not why.

Sophia loves dress, and understands it perfectly : her mother has no other waiting-maid than her ; she has a great deal of taste in dressing herself to advantage, but she hates fine clothes : we always see in her's simplicity, joined to elegance ; she does not love what is showy, but that which is becoming. She is ignorant of what colours are in fashion, but she knows perfectly those which suit her complexion. There is no young person whose dress appears less studied, but which is, in fact, more so ; no part of her attire is taken at random, though art is never to be discovered in any part. Her dress is very modest, to all appearance, but very coquettish in reality : she does not display her charms ; but in concealing, she knows how to make you conceive them. All who see her, say, 'This is a modest and discreet girl : but so long as they remain near her, their eyes and heart

heart wander all over her person, without their having the power of withdrawing them; and we might say that each part of this apparently simple and unstudied dress, was only put in its proper order, to be taken to pieces by the imagination.

Sophia possesses some natural talents; she is conscious of them, and has not neglected them; but, not having been in the way of cultivating them with much art, she has been satisfied with exercising her sweet voice in singing with justness and taste, her little feet in walking and treading lightly with ease and grace, and in making curtesies in every possible attitude, without constraint or awkwardness. That which Sophia knows best, and in which she has been most carefully instructed, is, the occupations of her sex; even those which are not thought of, such as cutting out and making gowns. There is no sort of needle work which she does not know how to do, and which she does not do with pleasure. But the work which she prefers to all others, is, making of lace, because there is no other which throws the person into such an agreeable attitude, and in which the fingers are employed with more grace and activity. She has likewise learnt all the branches of house-keeping; she understands the kitchen and the pantry; she knows the price of provisions, and is a judge of their quality; she knows very well how to keep accounts, and she is her mother's steward. Destined, one

day or other, to be the mother of a family herself, by managing her parent's house, she learns to manage her own; she knows how to supply the duties of any of the servants, and always does it cheerfully. We never know how to direct any thing properly, which we do not know how to do ourselves; it is for this reason that her mother employs her thus. As to Sophia, she does not extend her views so far: her first duty is that of a daughter, and it is at present the only one she thinks of fulfilling. Her only end is to be serviceable to her mother, and to lighten her of some of her cares.

Sophia's understanding is agreeable, without being brilliant, and solid, without possessing much depth; an understanding, of which little is said, because none discover her to be possessed of more or less than themselves. She has an understanding which always pleases those who talk to her, although it is not much embellished, according to the ideas which we have of the cultivation of the understandings of women: for her's has not been formed by reading, but simply by the conversation of her father and mother, by her own reflections, and by the observations she has made in the little company she has seen. Sophia is naturally gay; she was even playfome and giddy in her infancy: but by degrees, her mother has taken care to repress these giddy flights, for fear that a too sudden change should warn her of the moment that it was become  
necessary

necessary totally to suppress them. She is therefore become modest and reserved, even before the time that it was requisite; and, now that this time is come, it is easier for her to preserve the manner she has assumed, than it would be to her to assume it, without giving a reason for such a change. It is laughable, to see her sometimes give way to the natural vivacity of her youth, from the remains of former habit, and to the sprightliness of childhood, and, all of a sudden, recollect herself, be silent, cast down her eyes, and blush. It is natural, that the intermediate space between youth and maturity should partake a little of the disposition of each.

Sophia is possessed of too exquisite sensibility, to preserve always an evenness of temper; but she has too much gentleness to suffer this sensibility to become offensive to others; it is herself alone that it hurts. If you make use of a single expression that vexes her, she does not pout, but her heart swells, and she endeavours to withdraw herself to shed tears. But if, in the midst of her tears, her father or mother call her back, and say a single word to her, she begins that minute to dry them up, and stifle her sobbing, and instantly resumes her former serenity and cheerfulness. She is not, farther, totally exempt from caprice. Her humour, when carried too far, degenerates into obstinacy, and she is then apt to forget herself; but give her only time to recollect herself, and her manner

manner of repairing her error, and she almost turns it into a merit.

If she is punished, she is docile and submissive ; and we perceive that her shame does not proceed so much from the correction, as from the sense of her fault. . If you say nothing to her, she will never fail to repair her fault herself, with so much candour, and with so good a grace, that it is impossible to retain any resentment against her. She would ask pardon of the meanest servant, without feeling herself in the least hurt by this act of humiliation, and the minute she is forgiven, her joy and cares shew the weight from which her heart is relieved. In a word, she bears with patience the injuries she receives, and repairs with cheerfulness those she commits. Such is the amiable disposition of the sex, before we corrupt it. Woman is made to yield to man, and even to bear with his injustice : you will never bring boys to this point : internal sense arises and revolts in them against injustice ; nature did not form them to endure it.

Sophia is religious, but her religion is simple, rational, unincumbered with many dogmas, and still more with the ceremonies of devotion ; or rather, being unacquainted with any essential point of practice, but morality, she devotes her whole life to the service of God, in doing good. In all the instructions which her parents have given her on this subject, they have accustomed her to a respectful submis-

sion, by saying to her, "Daughter, these researches  
 "are not suited to your age; your husband will  
 "instruct you in them, when it is time." Instead  
 of holding long discourses of piety, they are sa-  
 tisfied with preaching to her by their examples,  
 and these examples are engraved on her heart.

Sophia loves virtue; this love is become her pre-  
 vailing passion. She loves it, because there is no-  
 thing so beautiful as virtue; she loves it, because  
 virtue constitutes the glory of a woman, and that  
 a virtuous woman appears to her to approach very  
 near to an angel; she loves it, as the only road  
 to real happiness, and because she sees nothing but  
 misery, neglect, misfortune, and ignominy, in the  
 life of an abandoned woman. She loves it, because  
 it is dear to her respectable father, to her worthy  
 and affectionate mother. Not content with the  
 happiness they derive from their own virtue, they  
 wish to enjoy an increase of it, from that of their  
 daughter, and the greatest happiness she knows, is  
 the hopes of contributing to theirs. All these sen-  
 timents inspire her with a noble enthusiasm, which  
 exalts her mind, and keeps all her meaner propen-  
 sities in subjection to so noble a passion; Sophia  
 will be chaste and virtuous, till her latest breath;  
 she has sworn it from the bottom of her heart, and  
 sworn it at a time when she already felt all the  
 troubles that such a vow would cost her to keep;  
 she swore it at a time that she must have re-  
 called

called such an oath, if she had been formed to have been conquered by her passions.

Sophia has not the happiness of being an amiable Frenchwoman; cold from constitution, and coquettish from vanity, wishing rather to shine than please, and more studious of amusement than happiness. The want alone of an object to fix her affections on, preys on her mind; it occurs and makes her miserable in the midst of her amusement. She has lost her wonted gaiety; sprightly and lively pastimes are no longer calculated to please her: far from dreading the weariness of solitude, she seeks it; and there reflects at leisure on him who is, one day or other, to render it agreeable to her. Indifferent persons are displeasing to her; she does not want a court, but a lover; she would rather please one worthy man, and be always beloved by him, than to be the admiration of the town one day, and be despised by all the world the next.

Women are the best judges of the merit of men, and men are the best judges of the merit of women. This is the reciprocal privilege of the sexes; and they are both equally conscious of it. Sophia is sensible of, and makes use of this prerogative, but with that modesty which becomes her age, her want of experience, and her rank. She does not judge of things that are beyond her capacity; and she never gives her opinion, but when it serves to explain some useful maxim. She never talks of the  
absent,

absent, but with the greatest circumspection, particularly if they be women; she thinks that what renders women satirical and detracting, is talking of their own sex: so long as they confine themselves to talk only of our's, they are just. Sophia confines herself, therefore, to this: as to women, she never speaks of them, but to relate something to their advantage; it is a respect she thinks she owes her sex; and with regard to those of whom she knows no good at all, she says nothing about them, and this silence is understood.

Sophia is not much acquainted with the manners of the great world; but she is obliging, attentive, and graceful in all she does. An amiable disposition supplies the place of a great deal of art. She has a certain politeness of her own, which is not copied, and which, as it does not depend on fashions, does not change with them; which is not regulated by custom, but which, proceeding from a real wish to please, is always sure of succeeding. She never makes use of frivolous and unmeaning compliments, nor does she invent studied ones; she does not say, I am much obliged to you—you do me a great deal of honour;—pray, don't give yourself the trouble, &c. Much less does she endeavour to give an elegant turn to each expression. To any mark of attention or established form of politeness, she replies by a courtesy, or by simply saying, I thank you; but this word from her mouth

mouth is well worth another more elegant from that of any body else.

In return for a real service, she lets her heart speak, and it is not a compliment which it dictates. She has not suffered the French customs to subject her to the yoke of affectation, such as leaning on an arm of threescore years of age, in passing from one room to another, which she might rather be tempted to support. When a perfumed beau offers to render her this service, she rejects his officious arm, and rushes into the room in a moment, telling him she is not lame. In fact, although she is not tall, she has never worn high heels: her feet are small enough to dispense with them.

She not only maintains a respectful and decent silence among women, but even with married men, and those who are much older than herself: she will never accept a seat above them, unless from obedience; and she will take her own again below them, as soon as she can; for she feels, that the privileges of age go before those of sex, as having the presumption of wisdom in their favour, which ought to be respected before any thing.

In company with young people of her own age, her behaviour is different: a different manner is necessary to insure respect, and preserve decorum, and she knows how to assume it, without departing from the modest air which becomes her. If they are modest and reserved themselves, she will  
with

with pleasure preserve the amiable familiarity of youth; their conversation, full of innocence, will be lively and free, but at the same time modest and decent. If the conversation takes a serious turn, she would have it tend to something useful; if it becomes insipid, she will soon put an end to it; for she despises, above all things, the insignificant jargon of gallantry, which she considers as very offensive to her sex. She knows very well, that the man she seeks, would never make use of it, and she never willingly suffers in another a behaviour, which would not suit the man whose character is deeply imprinted in the bottom of her heart. The high notions she has of the prerogatives of her sex, that haughtiness of mind which renders her sentiments so pure; that energy of virtue which she feels within herself, and which renders her respectable in her own eyes, make her listen with contempt to those whining love tales, with which they attempt to amuse her. She does not receive them with apparent anger, but with an ironical applause, which disconcerts them; and with an indifference which they did not expect.

Let a young coxcomb launch out into praises of her wit, her beauty, and expatiate upon the inestimable happiness of pleasing her: she is a girl that would be very likely to interrupt him, by saying politely to him, "Sir, I am very much

" afraid of knowing these things better than you:  
" if

“ if you cannot find a more interesting subject of  
 “ conversation, I think we had better let the pre-  
 “ sent drop.”

She would accompany these words with a low courtesy, and then be at twenty paces from him in a moment. Ask any of your young gay fellows, whether it is an easy matter to continue their idle talk with a girl of so perverse a turn ?

We must not suppose, however, that she is not extremely sensible to praise, provided it be sincere, and that she is really persuaded that you think the good you say of her. To appear affected with her merit, you must begin by shewing that you are acquainted with it. An homage, founded on esteem, may flatter her proud heart ; but she detests all gallant discourses. Sophia is not a fit object to exercise the insignificant talents of a fop.

MORAL

## MORAL REFLECTIONS.

**W**E cannot reflect on morals, without indulging ourselves with the image of the simplicity of former ages. It is a beautiful bank, embellished by the hands alone of nature, towards which our eyes incessantly wander, and from which we feel ourselves removing with regret.

The only lesson of morality which is suited to childhood, and the most important at all ages, is, never to do an injury to any body. The precept even of doing good, unless it be made subordinate to that, is dangerous, false, and contradictory.—Who is it, that does not sometimes do good? All the world do good, the wicked man as well as another; he makes one happy being, at the expence of the happiness of a hundred other beings, and from this all our calamities arise. The most sublime virtues are negative; they are likewise the most difficult, because they are devoid of ostentation, and even above that pleasure, so charming to  
the

the heart of man, of sending a person away pleased with us. Oh! how much good does that person necessarily do to his fellow-creatures, if there is such a person to be found, who never does them any harm! What intrepidity of soul, what vigour of mind, he must be possessed of! It is not by arguing on this maxim, it is by endeavouring to practise it, that we feel how great and difficult it is to carry it into execution.

The maxim of never injuring another, implies that of being as little connected with society as possible; for in social intercourse, what does good to one, does harm to another. This relation is founded in the essence of the thing, and nothing is able to change it; let us endeavour to discover from this principle, which is the best, the social or solitary man. A famous author has said, that it is only the bad who live by themselves. I say, that it is only the good who live by themselves; if this proposition be less sententious, it is more true, and better supported than the preceding. If the bad man lived by himself, what harm would he do? It is in society that he sets his machines a-going to hurt others.

We must study society by men, and men by society: those who treat of morals and politics separately, will never understand either. By examining, first of all, primitive relations, we see  
how

how men ought to be affected by them, and what passions they are naturally fitted and ought to produce. We perceive, that it is reciprocally by the progress of these passions, that these ties are multiplied, and become more binding. Freedom and independence are less owing to strength of arm than to moderation of heart \*.

Whoever has few wishes, depends on few people; but always confounding the vain desires of men with their physical wants, those who have made these latter the foundation of society, have always mistaken the effect for the cause, and have gone wrong in all their investigations and arguments.

There is no moral fact, which may not be learnt by our own, or by the experience of others. In those cases, where this experience might be dangerous, instead of acquiring knowledge from our own experience, we draw our lessons from history.

Do not seek in books, rules and principles which we shall find with greater certainty within ourselves. Let us leave all the vain disputes of philosophers, concerning happiness and virtue; let us employ the time in *becoming* good and happy, that they waste in seeking *how* to become so, and let us

\* The seat of the passions.

propose to ourselves some great example to imitate, rather than any vain systems to follow.

He who has endeavoured to live in such a manner, as to have no need to think on death, sees its approaches without dismay. Whoever goes to sleep in the bosom of a father, is not uneasy about his time of awaking.

One would suppose, from the murmurs of impatient mortals, that God owes them rewards before they merit them, and that he is obliged to pay their virtue beforehand. Let us first be good, and then we shall be happy. Do not let us ask the glory before the victory, nor the wages before the work. It is not in the lists, said Plutarch, that the victorious in our sacred games are crowned: but after the contest is over.

The first reward of justice, is the consciousness of having practised it.

Peace of mind consists in despising every thing that may disturb it.

If it is understanding which makes a man, it is sensibility that guides him.

The luxury of the world corrupts the heart, indigence debases it. Melancholy softens the heart: deep affliction hardens it.

It is all lost time, that might be better employed.

It is a second crime to fulfil a criminal vow.

If

Is a permanent state made for man? No: when we have obtained all our wishes, we must lose, were it only the pleasure of possession, which is destroyed by it.

Afflictions and sorrows may be reckoned an advantage, because they prevent the heart from becoming hardened to the misfortunes of others. We know not what a pleasure it is to weep over our own misfortunes, and those of others. Sensibility always fills the heart with a certain approbation of ourselves, independent of fortune or events.

The country of chimeras is the only one in this world worth inhabiting; and such is the nothingness of human affairs, that, except the being who exists of himself, there is nothing great or beautiful, but what does not exist.

Pure morality is so overcharged with severe duties, that if we overcharge it still more with foolish formalities, it is almost always at the expence of the essential part of it. This is said to be the case with Monks in general, who, being subjected to a thousand useless rules and ceremonies, know honour and virtue only by name.

No person can be happy who does not enjoy the esteem of himself.

If the real enjoyment of the soul consists in the contemplation of goodness, how can the wicked man love it in another, without being forced to hate himself.

There

There is no safe asylum, but that in which we may escape from shame and repentance.

Bad precepts are worse than bad actions. Disorderly passions inspire bad actions; but bad precepts corrupt even the understanding, and leave no opportunity of returning to virtue.

Self-love is a useful though dangerous instrument: it often wounds the hand which makes use of it, and hardly ever does any good, without doing mischief at the same time.

The abuse of knowledge produces incredulity. Every learned man disdains the vulgar opinion; every body will have one of his own. Ostentatious philosophy leads to the want of faith, as blind devotion does to fanaticism.

Private interest deceives us; the hopes of the good only are not deceitful.

Such is the fate of human nature! Reason points out the right road, but our passions seduce us from it.

Every thing is a source of evil which extends beyond physical necessity. Nature has already given us too many wants, and it is at least very imprudent to multiply them, without any necessity, and thus put our hearts in a greater state of dependence.

The first step towards vice, is to make a mystery of innocent actions; and whoever loves to conceal

ceal himself, has sooner or later occasion so to do. One precept of morality alone, may hold the place of every other. It is this: "Never do, nor say any thing, which all the world might not see and know:" and, for my part, I have always looked upon that Roman as the most estimable of man, who wanted his house to be constructed on such a plan, that people might see every thing which was done in it. It is the last degree of infamy, to lose with innocence, the sentiment which made it beloved.

There are some objects so odious, that it is not even permitted to a man of honour to look at them. The indignation of virtue cannot endure even the sight of vice.

The philosopher observes public irregularities which he cannot check; he observes them, and shews by his dejected countenance the pain they give him; but with regard to private irregularities, he endeavours to stop them, or he turns away his eyes, for fear they should be authorized by his presence.

The illusions caused by pride, are the sources of our greatest misfortunes; but the contemplation of human misery, always renders the philosopher moderate. He remains in his place; he does not discompose, or put himself to any trouble to go out of it; he does not waste unprofitably his

his strength, to enjoy what he cannot preserve; but, employing it all to acquire real possession of what is his own, he is so much the richer for all that he desires less than us. Shall I, a mortal and perishable being, attempt to form everlasting ties on this earth; where every thing changes; where every thing passes away; and from whence I shall disappear to-morrow?

Patience is bitter; but the fruits of it are sweet.

We must possess an uncorrupted heart, to feel all the charms of retirement.

An uncorrupted soul may give us a taste for common occupations, as good health makes us relish the coarsest food.

The understanding decays by degrees, as the heart begins to be corrupted.

Whoever blushes, is already guilty; real innocence is ashamed of nothing.

Every thing that belongs to man, partakes of the instability of his state; every thing has an end, every thing is transitory in human life; and if the state which renders us happy, was to last for ever, custom would destroy our taste for it.— If nothing changes on the outside, the heart changes; happiness quits us, or we quit happiness.

Injustice and fraud often find protection : they never, however, have the approbation of the public ; it is in this respect that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

## VARIOUS THOUGHTS.

THE multiplicity of books of history and travels, which are every day printed, make us neglect the book of the world, or if we still read it, every one keeps at his own page.

We are curious in proportion as we possess knowledge.

Ignorance is neither an obstacle to good nor evil : it is only the natural state of man.

Ignorance never has done any harm ; error alone is fatal. We do not go wrong, because we do not know a thing, but because we think we know it.

Man naturally thinks very little. Thinking is an art which he learns like all the rest, and even with greater difficulty.

Study wears out our machine, exhausts the understanding, destroys the strength, and puts our courage to sleep ; and this alone sufficiently evinces that it is not made for us.

Nothing so effectually preserves an habit of reflection, as the being more pleased with ourselves than our fortune.

A fool

A fool may sometimes reflect, but it is never till he has committed a folly.

It is only a geometrician and a fool that can talk without figures.

Criticisin is very convenient; for where we attack with one word, whole pages are requisite to defend.

There are few phrases which may not be rendered ridiculous, by taking them singly, and without connection. This has always been a manœuvre of low and envious critics.

There is a certain studied style, which, not being natural, nobody possesses of themselves, and which marks the pretensions of those who make use of it.

The veracity of every observer, who piques himself on his wit, is to be suspected. He may, without thinking of it, sacrifice the truth of things to the brilliancy of his thoughts, and make the phrase play at the expence of justice.

There is a certain similarity of disposition, which is discovered in a moment, and which soon produces intimacy.

The manly thoughts of a great mind, give them a particular idiom; and common souls do not possess the grammar of that language.

Those who are the slowest to promise, are, in general, the most faithful to their promise.

An excellent method to see the consequence of things, is, to feel sensibly all the risks they make us run.

Mystery has sometimes known how to extend its veil to the bosom even of turbulent joys, and the riots of feasts. Gormandizing is the vice of empty hearts.

We can resist every thing but benevolence ; and there is not a surer method of gaining the love of others, than to begin by loving them ourselves.

Of what an absurdity are those people guilty, who exhort us to do as they say, and not as they do ! Whoever does not practise what he preaches, never preaches with any eloquence ; for there, the language of the heart, which affects and persuades, is wanting.

Those hearts which are warmed by a celestial fire, always find in their own sentiments a pure and delicious enjoyment, independent of fortune, and the rest of the universe.

Indiscreet consolations only serve to increase violent afflictions.

It is the length of misfortunes, chiefly, that renders them insupportable ; and the soul resists, with much more ease, sharp than long sufferings.

A heart that is sick, can hardly attend to reason, but through the organ of sensibility.

When love has got too great possession of the heart, it is very difficult to banish it ; it is strengthened

ened by fresh reinforcements, and, like a strong corrosive water, makes its way into every passage or canal.

A languishing heart is naturally tender : melancholy excites love.

The flowing jargon of gallantry is much more distant from real sentiment, than the most simple language that it can assume.

To praise people to their face, unless it be one's mistress, is nothing else than taxing them with vanity !

There are a number of clever paltrons, who seek, according to the phrase, to know their man ; that is to say, to discover somebody who is still a greater coward than themselves, and at whose expence they may make themselves appear brave.

We never grow weary of our situation, when we are not acquainted with one more agreeable. Of all men in the world, savages are the least curious ; every thing is indifferent to them ; they do not enjoy things, but they enjoy themselves : they pass their life in doing nothing, and they are never weary.

The man of the world exists entirely in his mask. As he is almost never in himself, he is always a stranger, and uneasy at home, whenever he is obliged to return thither. What he really is, is to him nothing ; what he appears to be, is every thing.

It is in splendid apartments that the scholar goes to learn the manners of the world ; but the philosopher learns the mysteries of it in the cottage of the poor.

One reason why sermons are often useless, is, that they are made indifferently to all the world, without discernment or choice. - How can it be thought that the same sermon should suit so numerous an audience, of such different dispositions, understandings, tempers, ages, sex, rank, and opinion ? There is not, perhaps, two, to whom what has been said to the whole may be fitted ; and all our affections have so little steadiness, that there is not perhaps two minutes in the life of each man, in which the same discourse made the same impression.

Rewards are lavished on wit, and virtue remains unhonoured. There are a thousand rewards for eloquent discourses, none for great actions.

Liberty does not consist in any particular form of government ; but in the heart of the free man : he carries it every where with him. A base soul carries servitude every where with it.

To be poor, without being free, is the worst state into which a man can fall.

The dæmon of property infects every thing which it touches.

There is no association more common than that of luxury and parsimony.

In every case, in which the useful is substituted  
for

for the agreeable, the agreeable almost always gains the most votes.

Never did a man, who had no faults, possess any great virtues.

In the north, men consume a great deal on a bad soil; in the south, they consume little on a fertile soil. From hence arises a difference which render the first laborious, and the second contemplative. Society, in the same manner, exhibits a semblance similar to the difference between the poor and the rich. The first inhabit the bad soil, and the last the fertile country.

I never knew a man who was possessed of real pride, shew any in his carriage. This affectation is much better suited to mean and vain men.

The happiest marriage is exposed to some dangers; and as a pure and tranquil water begins to be troubled before the approaching storm, a timid and chaste heart does not see, without some fear, the approaching change of its state.

A good mother amuses herself, in order to amuse her children, as the dove softens the grain in her stomach with which it feeds its young.

There is a difficulty, but no taste, in troubling the order of nature, and in tearing from it involuntary productions, that it gives with regret, accompanied by its curses, and which possessing neither quality nor taste, can neither nourish the stomach, nor flatter the palate. Nothing is more insipid than  
the

the first fruits : it is at a great expence that the rich people of Paris, with their stoves and hot-houses, succeed in producing for their tables bad vegetables and bad fruits. If I had cherries when it froze, and melons in the middle of winter, with what pleasure should I taste them, when my palate neither wants to be moistened nor refreshed? Would the heavy chesnut be pleasant in the heat of the dog-days? Should I prefer it, coming out of the frying-pan, to currants, strawberries, and other refreshing fruits that the earth offers me, without so much labour?

To cover one's chimney in the month of January with forced vegetation, with pale flowers without any scent, this is not so much to embellish winter, as to deprive the spring of its beauties : it is depriving ourselves of the pleasure of going into the woods to seek the first violet, watch the first bud, and exclaim, in an agony of joy, Mortals, you are not forsaken; nature revives again.

How many doors of great houses have porters, who only understand by signs, and whose ears are in their hands !

The spectacle of the world, said Pythagoras, resembles that of the Olympian games. Some keep shops, and think of nothing but their profit ; others pay with their persons, and seek fame ; others are satisfied with seeing the games, and these are not the worst off.

The

The East Indians, although very voluptuous, have all simple habitations, and those simply furnished. They look upon life as a journey, and their house as an inn. This reasoning has little effect upon us rich people, who make such preparations, as if we were to live for ever.

Hunting hardens the heart as well as the body ; it makes us familiar with blood and cruelty. Diana has been represented to be an enemy to love, and the allegory is very just : the languor of love arises only in soft repose ; violent exercise stifles tender sentiments. In woods, and in country places, the lover and the hunter are so differently affected by the same objects, that the ideas excited by these in the minds of each are directly contrary to each other. The cool shades, the bowers, and sweet retreats of the former, are mere pasture to the latter. In woods and thickets, where there is nothing heard but the singing of nightingales, the hunter imagines horns and the cries of dogs ; the one dreams of nothing but dryads and nymphs ; the other of nothing but huntsmen, hounds, and horses.

The abuse of the toilet does not proceed from the cause commonly assigned ; and springs much more from weariness than vanity. A woman who passes six hours at her toilet, is not ignorant that she does not quit it better dressed than her who passes only half an hour : but it is so much of the killing length of  
of

of time passed, and it is better to be amused with ourselves, than tired with every thing.

We suppose, that the physiognomy is only a simple developement of the features already marked by nature. For my part, I should think, that besides this developement, the features of a man's face are insensibly formed, and become expressive, by the frequent and habitual affections of the soul.—These affections are marked on the face; nothing is more certain; and when they turn into habit, they cannot but leave durable impressions. For this reason it is, that I conceive the face to be an indication of the mind, and that we may sometimes judge of the one by the other, without going to seek mysterious explanations, which imply knowledge that we do not possess.

To live in the world, we must know how to treat men: we must be acquainted with the weapons that give us power over them; we must calculate the action and re-action of private interest in civil society, and foresee events so well, as to be seldom wrong in our enterprizes, or at least, as always to take the best methods to insure success.

Men, having heads so differently organized, cannot be all often equally convinced by the same arguments. What appears evident to one, does not even appear probable to another: one man, by his turn of thinking, is struck only with one kind of proofs, another with a species of evidence wholly different.

Both

Both may agree in the same things, but seldom for the same reasons; which clearly shews, how little sense or argument there is in the dispute.

Every age has its springs, which set it in motion; but the individual man is always the same. At ten years old he is managed by cakes; at twenty by a mistress; at thirty by pleasures; at forty by ambition; at fifty by avarice. When is it that he seeks nothing but wisdom?

If love could be kept alive after marriage, it would be a paradise on earth.

It is very difficult for a state so contrary to nature as celibacy, not to produce some public or private irregularity. Shew us the means of escaping the enemy that we continually carry with us.

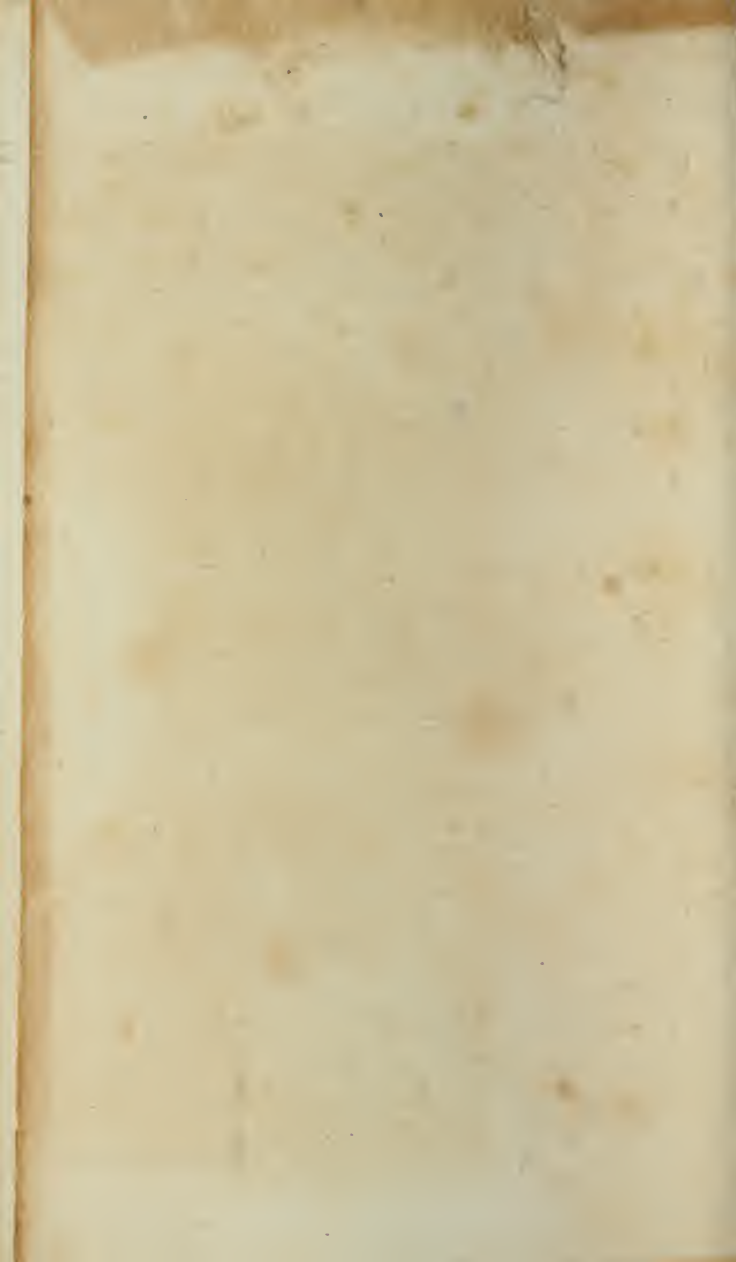
Time loses, with regard to us, its natural measure, when our passions attempt to regulate its course at pleasure.

The watch of the sage, is the equality of his temper, and the peace of his soul: it points at all times to his hour, and of this he is never ignorant.

The best manner of judging of his lectures, is to sound the dispositions in which they leave the soul. What advantage can there be in the possession of a book, which does not lead us to virtue?











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